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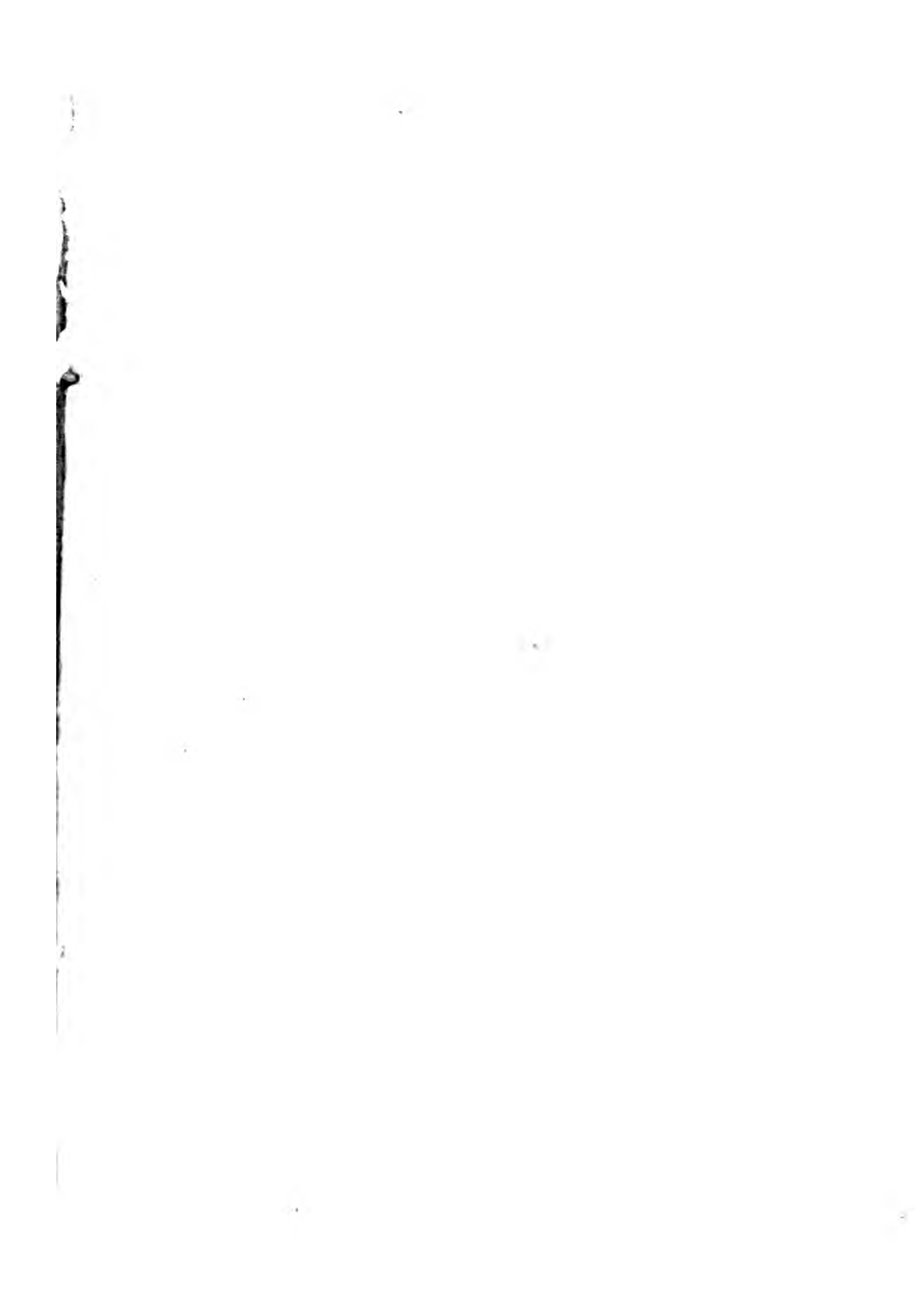
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HYMNS OF THE CROSS.

Hymns

OF

The Cross:

SELECTED AND ARRANGED,

With Introductory Meditations.

BY

Mr. and Mrs. D. Grattan Guinness.

London:

James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

100. n. 256



P R E F A C E.

FEW of the hymns in this little book are original, though many of them will be new to most readers, their sources being little known.

Their theme is the apology for their collection in this form; it is the theme dearest and most important to the church, the grand eternal theme, THE CROSS OF CHRIST. No wonder that some of the most precious hymns ever penned group themselves around this great centre, nor that such, when known, become peculiarly beloved and familiar. Hymns present truth to the *heart*, more than to the mind or conscience, and oftentimes

they tune the heart afresh, when the world, and sin, and Satan, have destroyed for awhile its harmony with heaven.

For such seasons this little book is specially intended; may it prove a comforter to many, in hours of failing faith and fearfulness, in seasons of conflict and sorrow.

The papers are added to present the truths, so beautifully clad in the hymns, in their naked simplicity and power, to minds which have not fully perceived them; all real and deep emotion must spring from intelligent apprehension of truth calculated to move the heart. A theoretical understanding of the cross of Christ is a poor and powerless thing, if it stand alone; but it is the right and only stable foundation for feeling with regard to it.

No hymns of unsound doctrine will, it is believed, be found in the volume, though some which lack poetical beauty have been admitted, for the sake of their scriptural clearness; on the whole, however, it contains poetry as well

as truth, and poetry of no mean order, in many cases.

For permission to reprint three of the hymns extracted from “*Lyra Germanica*,” we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Longman and Co.; they are those commencing,

“Him on yonder cross I love.”

(*Greding*, p. 118.)

“Lord, Thy death and passion give.”

(*Heerman*, p. 126.)

and

“O world behold upon the tree.”

(*Gerhardt*, p. 185.)

May each reader of this book be able to say in sincerity, “Christ loved me, and gave himself for me,” and “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.”

MOUNT CATHERINE,
LIMERICK, MAY, 1864.



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The Cross the commendation of the Father's Love.

"IN THIS WAS MANIFESTED the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. HEREIN IS LOVE, not that we loved God, but that *he loved us*, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (1 John iv, 9, 10.)

God loves! loves sinners! and has proved it beyond all question. The amazing sentence, "God is love," may overwhelm the soul by its profundity, but *God loves*, that is simple, we can understand that. Do we *believe* it, do we *feel* it? Ah, what other motive than *love* ever leads us voluntarily, unselfishly, cheerfully to make a stupendous sacrifice? None! Let us look at the cross then, and behold God, not sparing his only begotten Son, but giving Him freely to shame, and suffering, and death, for the sake of others, and never doubt again that *God loves*. Can the fact be questioned in the light of that cross? No, no! It must be that God

loves ; deeply, intensely, tenderly loves ! And who are the objects of His love ? The holy, the beautiful, the pure, the obedient, the lovely ? Ah yes ! but the *cross* were needless to express love to such. Small gifts comparatively, crowns and thrones, and glories indescribable, are fruits to them of the smile of divine affection in which they dwell : the cross, the *gift of His Son, to be a propitiation for sin*, proves love to the *unlovely*, the sinful, the vile, the rebellious, the lost ; love to such as *we* are, love to *sinner*s ! For what but *sin* merits woe, and wrath, and death ? the sinless one who laid down His life on Golgotha, by His Father's commandment, "died the just for the unjust," to bring the unjust to God, because *God loved them*. For *them* He made this sacrifice ; to *them* He gave this unspeakable gift ! Beyond all controversy, and to all eternity, the cross of Jesus Christ manifests and proves that *God loves*, and O glorious soul-reviving truth for such as we are, that **HE LOVES SINNERS**. Let Calvary still every fear, and banish for ever all doubts about the love of God to lost man, the love of God to us !

The Cross the commendation of the
Father's Love.



MY Saviour crucified,
Near Thy cross would I abide ;
There to gaze with stedfast eye,
On Thy dying agony.

Jesus bruised and put to shame,
Tells me all Jehovah's name ;
GOD IS LOVE I SURELY KNOW,
FROM MY SAVIOUR'S DEPTH OF WOE.

In His spotless soul's distress,
I behold my guiltiness ;
O how vile my low estate,
Since my ransom was so great !

Dwelling upon Calvary,
Contrite shall my spirit be ;
Rest and holiness shall find,
Fashioned like my Saviour's mind.



HOLY Father we address Thee,
 Loved in Thy beloved Son !
 Holy Son of God we bless Thee,
 Grace divine has made us one !
 Holy Spirit, aid our songs
 This glad work to Thee belongs !

Wondrous was Thy love, O Father !
 Wondrous Thine, O Son of God !
 Vast the love that bruised and wounded,
 Vast the love that bore the rod !
 Holy Spirit still reveal,
 How those stripes alone can heal !

Holy Father, Thy good pleasure,
 Is to love us, as Thy Son ;
 Meting out the self-same measure
 Since Thou seest us as one ;
 By Thee, Jesus, loved are we,
 As the Father loveth Thee.

Hallelujah ! we are hasting
 To our Father's house above,
 On the way our souls are tasting
 Rich and overflowing love ;
 In Jehovah is our boast
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



THY name we bless, Lord Jesus,
That name all names excelling :
How great Thy love
All praise above
Should every tongue be telling ;
The Father's loving-kindness
In giving Thee was shown us ;
Now by Thy blood
Redeemed to God
As children He doth own us.

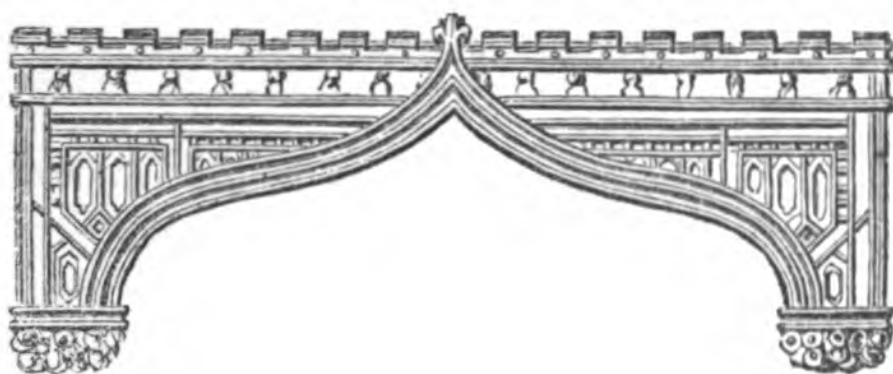
From that eternal glory
Thou hadst with God the Father,
He sent His Son
That He in one
His children all might gather.
Our sins were all laid on Thee,
God's wrath Thou hast endured,
It was for us
Thou suff' redst thus,
And hast our peace secured.

Thou from the dead wast raised,
And from all condemnation
Thy church is free
As risen in Thee,
Head of the new creation ;

On high Thou hast ascended,
To God's right hand in heaven ;
The Lamb once slain,
Alive again,
To Thee all power is given.

Thou hast bestowed the earnest,
Of what we shall inherit ;
Till Thou shalt come
To take us home
We're sealed by God the Spirit.
We wait for Thine appearing
When we shall know more fully
The priest and king,
Whose praise we sing,
Thou Lamb of God, most holy.





The Cross, the great expression of the Love of Christ.

“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” (John xv, 13.)

“That ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.” (Eph. iii, 17, 18, 19.)

THE love of Christ, O to know more of it! Well might the apostle desire this attainment for the Ephesian disciples. To know it fully is impossible, for it “passeth knowledge.” Yet who would possess untold gold, riches absolutely boundless, and not try to estimate to some extent his wealth? And surely they who are beloved by Christ, cannot but delight in the effort to comprehend, as far as possible, the incomprehensible love which is theirs. The great and glorious things which the love of Christ has accomplished for those who are the unworthy objects of it, alone would prove it immense, amazing!

The rich, inconceivable blessings it has bestowed on them, speak of its truth and intensity ; but the sufferings it has endured for their sakes, these, ah ! these best give an idea of its real breadth and length, and depth and height ! Suffering is hard to bear ; prolonged endurance on behalf of another, is a far greater proof of affection than any amount of sacrifice or active exertion. What then has Jesus borne for us ? Ah ! bitterness tongue cannot tell ! Solitude, heart loneliness, unrequited love, cutting ingratitude, weary profitless labour, strongest temptations, grief of all kinds, both personal and sympathetic. And *shame* ! this is a still worse thing to bear, especially undeserved shame ; but O to what shame was Jesus exposed for our sakes ! Contradiction and misunderstanding, opposition and violence, poverty and weakness, mockery and injustice, contempt and railing and blasphemy ! His love counted even these light. Could it do more ? Yes ! It faced a life of degradation, a life of stooping to the lowest depths ! Love-led, He stooped from the form of God to the form of a servant ; from the exercise of divine power to the dependence of human weakness ; from conscious and manifest equality with the Highest, to become “ a worm and no man, a reproach of men, and despised among the people ; ” from the throne of the Majesty in the heavens, to the virgin’s womb, and the manger of Bethlehem ; from *the bosom of God* to the society of *publicans and sinners* ; from the perfect purity of heaven, to the moral abominations of earth ; from the crown of glory, to the

cursed tree ; one step lower and we reach the lowest, and from that lowest step, love shrank not ! For O the Lord of life refused not to lie, for our sakes, a cold and motionless corpse in the silent tomb ! Ah, who can fathom the love that led to all this ? Verily it passeth knowledge ! And could it go further ? Yes ; there *is* one pang even bitterer than these. O how it wrings the heart to lose all manifestation of the affection of its best-beloved, to become identified with that which is hateful to the being you adore, and in whom your heart delights, to be alienated from all you cling to with intensest attachment. Anguish indescribable this. Nothing but love, and no love but the love of Jesus, would face it ! The cross, beloved reader, witnesses that even *this* He bore for our sakes. There, overwhelmed with the billows of God's wrath, "*made sin*," which God's soul hateth, "for us," though He knew no sin ; He tasted the awful essence of death, as His human heart broke in agony, uttering its bitter cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me ?" Suffering reached its climax here ; endurance could go no further ! Love, measureless, and matchless, shone out at Calvary, with a blaze of meridian splendour, paling in its vivid glory all love besides. It manifested itself, it displayed itself, it proved itself incomparable. The Saviour's vicarious death cries aloud, "Behold all ye that pass by ; judge if there were ever love equal to my love, for was ever sorrow equal to my sorrow ?" O beloved reader, if your heart ever grows cold, and your affections

dull, towards that blessed One, revive them by considering the cross, and by remembering what is the sole return He who suffered on it for your sake, asks from you. "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm, for love is strong as death ; jealousy is cruel as the grave : the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it ; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned." Love seeks love in return, and can be satisfied with nothing else. What a measure of it must the unsearchable love of Christ desire, and what a measure may it not claim !



The Cross the great expression of the
Love of Christ.



H NEVER, NEVER canst thou know,
What then for thee the Saviour bore ;
The pangs of that mysterious woe,
That rent His frame at every pore ;

The weight that pressed upon His brow,
The fever of His bosom's core.

Yes, man for man perchance may brave
The horrors of the yawning grave ;
And friend for friend, or child for sire,
Undaunted, and unmoved, expire,
From love, or piety, or pride,—
But who can die as Jesus died ?

A sweet but solitary beam,
An emanation from above,—
Glimmers o'er life's uncertain scene,
We hail that beam and call it love,
But fainter than the star's pale ray,
Beneath the noontide blaze of day,
And lighter than the viewless sand,
Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,
To all of love that man can know,
All that in angel breasts can glow,

Compared, O Lord of Hosts, with Thine,
Eternal, fathomless, divine !
That love whose glow with quenchless fire,
Enflames the blest seraphic choir,
While perfect rapture reigns above,
And love is all, for Thou art love !





O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh! may His love, immortal flame!—
Tune every heart and tongue.

His love what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

He left His radiant throne on high—
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

Dear Lord, may we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee;
And every heart with rapture say,
“The Saviour died for me.”

Oh! may the sweet and blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers learn Thy glorious name,
And join the sacred song.



THE cross! the cross! oh, that's our gain!
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there the Lord was crucified—
'Twas there for us the Saviour died.

What wondrous cause could move Thy heart
To take on Thee our curse and smart,
Well knowing we should often be
So cold, so negligent of Thee?

The cause was love; we sink with shame
Before our blessed Jesus' name;
That He should bleed and suffer thus,
Because He loved and pitied us!





OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb,
O that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as His name!
And melting as His dying love!

Was ever equal pity found?

The Prince of heaven resigns His breath,
And pours His life upon the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from its threatenings set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on His cross,
And nailed the curses to the tree.

The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From Jesu's wounds sweet blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.

Here we have washed our deepest stains,
And healed our wounds with heavenly blood,
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be Thine.

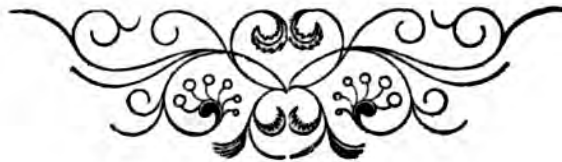


LAMB of God our souls adore Thee,
While upon Thy face we gaze ;
There the Father's love and glory,
Shine in all their brightest rays ;
Thine almighty power and wisdom
All creation's works proclaim,
Heaven and earth alike confess Thee
As the ever great " I AM."

Lamb of God ! Thy Father's bosom,
Ever was Thy dwelling-place ;
His delight, in Him rejoicing,
One with Him in power and grace ;
Oh what wondrous love and mercy !
Thou didst lay Thy glory by,
And for us didst come from heaven,
As the Lamb of God to die.

Lamb of God ! when we behold Thee
Lowly in the manger laid,
Wand'ring as a homeless stranger,
In the world Thy hand had made ;
When we see Thee in the garden,
In Thine agony of blood,
At Thy grace we are confounded
Holy, spotless Lamb of God !

When we see Thee, as the victim,
Bound to the accursed tree,
For our guilt and folly stricken,
All our judgment borne by Thee,
Lord we learn with hearts adoring,
All Thy love in drops of blood ;
Glory, glory, everlasting,
Be to Thee, thou Lamb of God !





Come, Thou stricken Lamb of God,
Who shed'st for us Thine own life-blood,
And teach us all Thy love,—then pain
Were sweet, and life or death were gain.

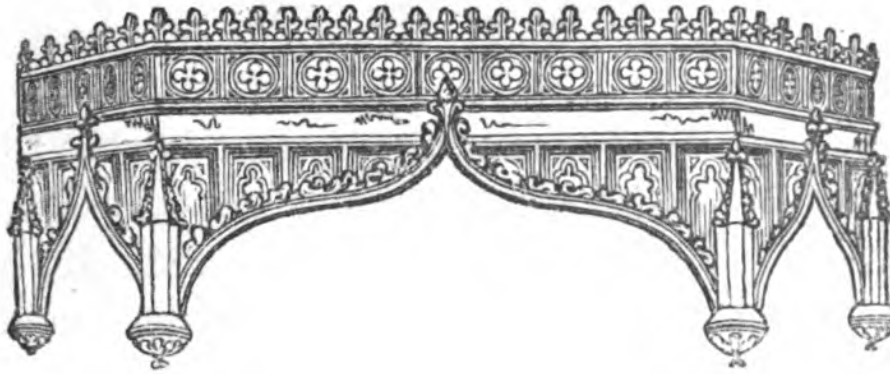
Take Thou our hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but Thee ;
Thy willing servants, let us wear
The seal of love for ever there.

How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd by Thy watchful side,
Who life and strength from Thee receive,
And with Thee move, and in Thee live.

How can it be, Thou Heavenly King,
That Thou should'st man to glory bring—
Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,
Crown'd with a never-fading crown ?

Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.

FIRST-BORN of many brethren Thou !
To whom both heaven and earth shall bow ;
Heirs of Thy shame and of Thy throne,
We bear Thy cross, and seek Thy crown.



The Substitution of the Cross.

“Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.” (1 Peter iii, 19.)

TILL the great doctrine of substitution is understood, the crucifixion of Christ must remain a mystery : it is the first, the last, the fundamental truth of the cross. CHRIST INSTEAD OF ME ! O may the Holy Spirit give every reader of these hymns to apprehend, at least, *this* deep yet simple lesson of the cross ; for salvation depends on receiving it. God is holy, and cannot let sin go unpunished, without ceasing to be God. I have disobeyed and dishonoured God, and I can make Him no amends. I cannot escape His judgment, or resist it ; I am lost, unless the God who justly condemns, can as justly deliver me. *If* one can be found able to take my place, and fulfil my duties, and willing to bear my punishment, and pay my penalty, and *if* God will consent to his doing so, I may be saved ; otherwise never. He must be able, fitted to take my place : that is, in my

nature and in my circumstances, he must do what I have failed to do—he must perfectly love and obey God, and honour the law I have broken and despised. He must thus be free from all participation in my guilt ; and then he must be willing to bear that guilt and the penalty due to it, the wrath and curse of God. He must be cordially willing to take my wages, the wages of sin,—death ; for compulsory substitution would be grossest injustice. Nothing but such a substitute as this could save a single sinner of the human race, and if one could be found who was *besides* so great, so precious, so dignified, so glorious in himself, as to be alone, in his own person, worth myriads of sinners, then for myriads of sinners his work might avail ; a golden guinea is a fair exchange for hundreds of farthings. Could such a one be found ? Has such a one been found ? Our eternal destiny depends on the answer ! If so, we may be saved ; if not, we must for ever perish.

The Cross is the answer. Ah, beloved reader, He who hangs there is a man, a real man, though He be also the Son of God. In the likeness of our sinful flesh He has been tempted in all points, like as we are, yet is He “*without sin ;*” a voice from heaven, and echoing voices on earth, have borne witness to His pleasing God, and to His having never done anything amiss ; in these respects He is fitted to be our substitute. And is He willing ? If not, why is He there ? Why has He, whom the elements and the very devils obeyed, consented to be led as a lamb to the slaughter ? Why does

He meekly bow His head to wear yon thorny crown ?
Why did He extend the hands that uphold the universe,
to be pierced by those murderous nails ? Why does He
who will judge the world, submit to be made a curse, and
to be driven to cry as a forsaken one, to God His father ?
Willing ? Who could have sacrificed the Prince of Life
against His will ? “No man taketh my life from me,
I lay it down of myself,” these were His own words.
“I delight to do thy will, O God,” He says again ;
“Thy will” in this very point. Willing ? Ah, beloved
reader, the cross *proves* that the Christ of God was as
willing as He was able to become our substitute. And
it proves the other point too ; it proves that God was
willing to accept Him as such ; to lay upon Him our
iniquities, and the chastisement of our peace, and to
accept his soul, as an offering for our sin. It was God
who provided this Lamb for the great sacrifice ; it was
God who transferred our guilt to His guiltless head ; and
and it was God who raised Him from the grave, to the
highest seat in heaven, in proof that He was satisfied,
in proof that Christ had “put away sin,” by this sacri-
fice of Himself. Yes ! Christ died for our sins, accord-
ing to the scriptures, He was buried, and He rose again.
God can be just, and yet justify, forgive, and save every
believing sinner. *Substitution* alone explains the cruci-
fixion ; on no other principle can we account for it. If
the sinless sufferer who expired on the cross, under
divine wrath and judgment, died not *instead* of the
sinful, that cross would for ever be an ineffaceable blot

on the righteous government of God ; sin's heaviest penalty visited by Him, on One whom He had Himself pronounced sinless !

Instead of this it will for ever be His brightest glory, the wondrous harmonizing of His changeless attributes of mercy and truth. For it is ONE GOD whose justice inflicted the penalty, and whose love led Him incarnate in the person of His Son to bear it. To bear it instead of—Who, dear reader ? *in the stead of every believing sinner !*

“He loved me, and gave Himself for me,” INSTEAD OF ME ; beloved reader, you are saved, if in your heart you believe this.



The Substitution of the Cross.



FROM Salem's gate advancing slow
What object meets my eyes?
What means this majesty of woe?
What mean these mingled cries?

Who can it be that groans beneath
A pond'rous cross of wood,
Whose soul's o'erwhelmed with pains of death,
And body's bathed in blood?

Is this the man, can this be He,
The prophets have foretold,
Should with transgressors numbered be,
And for their crimes be sold?

Yes now I know, 'tis He, 'tis He,—
'Tis Jesus, God's dear Son,
Wrapt in mortality to die,
For crimes that I have done.

O lovely form ! O blessed sight !
To sinful souls like me !
My soul, *with sorrow and delight*,
Behold Him die for thee !





FROM whence this fear and unbelief,
If God, my Father, put to grief
His spotless Son for me?
Can He, the righteous Judge of men,
Condemn me for that debt of sin,
Which, Lord, was charged on
Thee?

COMPLETE ATONEMENT Thou hast made,
And to the utmost farthing paid
Whate'er Thy people owed;
How then can wrath on me take place,
If shelter'd in Thy righteousness,
And sprinkled by Thy blood?

If Thou hast my discharge procured,
And freely in my place endured
The whole of wrath divine,
Payment He will not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine.

Turn then, my soul! unto thy rest;
The merits of thy great High-priest
Speak peace and liberty;
Trust in His efficacious blood,
Nor fear thy banishment from God,
Since Jesus died for thee.



SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne,
Weeping soul no longer mourn ;
View Him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out His life for thee ;
There thy every sin He bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.

All thy crimes on Him were laid ;
See, upon His blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours ;
Wounded in our stead He is,
Bruised for our iniquities.

Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice ;
There the incarnate Deity,
Numbered with transgressors, see ;
There His Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised, and crowned with thorns.

See Thy God His head bow down,
Hear the man of sorrows groan !
For thy ransom there condemned,
Stripped, derided, and blasphemed ;
Bleeds the guiltless for the unclean,
Made an offering for thy sin.

Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem ;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away ;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace.

Lord Thy arm must be revealed
Ere I can by faith be healed !
Since I scarce can look to Thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me ;
At Thy feet myself I lay,
Shine, O shine, my fears away.



ISAIAH LIII.



HOW few receive with cordial faith
The tidings which we bring !
How few have seen the arm revealed
Of heaven's eternal king ?

The Saviour comes ! no outward pomp
Bespeaks His presence nigh ;
No earthly beauty shines in Him
To draw the carnal eye.

Fair as a beauteous tender flower
Amidst the desert grows,
So slighted by a rebel race
The heavenly Saviour rose.

Rejected and despised of man,
Behold a man of woe !
Grief was His close companion still
Through all His life below.

Yet all the griefs He felt were ours,
Ours were the woes He bore :
Pangs, not His own, His spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.

We held Him as condemned by Heaven,
An outcast from His God,
While for our sins He groan'd, He bled,
Beneath His Father's rod.

His sacred blood hath washed our souls
From sin's polluting stain :
His stripes have heal'd us, and His death
Revived our souls again.

We all, like sheep, had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road :
On Him were our transgressions laid :
He bore the mighty load.

Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly He
In patient silence stood !
Mute as the peaceful, harmless lamb,
When brought to shed its blood.

Who can His generation tell ?
From prison see Him led !
With impious show of law condemned,
And numbered with the dead.

'Midst sinners low in dust He lay ;
The rich a grave supplied :
Unspotted was His blameless life ;
Unstained by sin He died.

Yet God shall raise His head on high,
Though thus He brought Him low ;
His sacred offering when complete,
Shall terminate His woe.

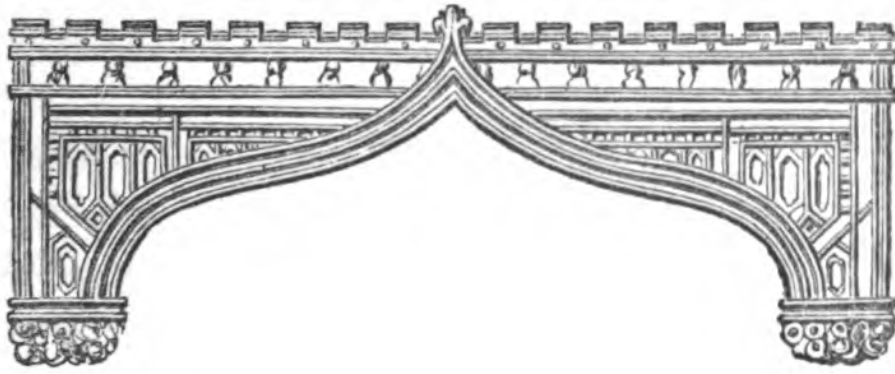
For, saith the Lord, my pleasure then
Shall prosper in His hand ;
His shall a num'rous offspring be,
And still His honours stand.

His soul, rejoicing, shall behold
The purchase of His pain ;
And all the guilty whom He saved
Shall bless Messiah's reign.

He with the great shall share the spoil,
And baffle all His foes ;
Though ranked with sinners here He fell,
A conqueror He rose !

He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiven ;
He lives to bless them and defend,
And plead their cause in heaven.





The Sufferings of the Cross.

HUMAN words can never depict them ; human heart can never conceive them—they were infinite as the sufferer who bore them. Far as their bottomless depths can be fathomed by human words and human minds, we may sound them ; for He who sustained, has expressed them to this extent. O reader, let your heart, with loving reverence, hearken to the Spirit of Christ, as He describes the sufferings of the cross. “ I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing. I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me ; I am weary of my crying ; my throat is dried ; mine eyes fail while I wait for my God ; they that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of mine head ; they that would destroy me, being mine enemies wrongfully, are mighty ; then I restored that which I took not away. I have borne reproach, shame hath covered my face ; I am become a stranger unto my brethren, and an alien unto my mother’s children. They that sit in the gate speak against me ; I am the song of the drunkard ; reproach hath broken

my heart, and I am full of heaviness ; and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none, and for comforters, but I found none. They gave me also gall for my meat, and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." "My heart is sore pained within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me ; fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me ;" "innumerable evils have compassed me about ; mine iniquities," (yours, dear reader, and mine, which He confessed and bore as His,) "have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up ; they are more than the hairs of my head ; therefore my heart faileth." "All they that see me laugh me to scorn, they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, He trusted on the Lord, that He would deliver him, let Him deliver him, seeing he delighted in Him." "Be not far from me, for trouble is near, for there is none to help ; many bulls have compassed me, strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round ; they gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion. I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint ; my heart is like wax, it is melted in the midst of my bowels. My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws ; and Thou hast brought me into the dust of death. For dogs have compassed me, the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me ; they pierced my hands and my feet ; I may tell all my bones, they look and stare upon me. They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture. Be not

thou far from me, O Lord ; O my strength, haste thee to help me." "My soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave." "Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves. Thy fierce wrath goeth over me, thy terrors have cut me off. Lover and friend thou hast put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness. Lord, why castest thou off my soul ? Why hidest thou thy face from me ?" "MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME, why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring ?"

O reader, was ever grief like this ? Body, soul, and spirit, each wracked and wrung with anguish ; mark the variety and intensity of physical distress described in the words ; the still more various and agonizing mental tortures indicated ; and above all, mark the heart terror, the horror, so vividly portrayed ! From an eternity of *such suffering*, Christ has delivered all those who put their trust in Him ; but O let the remembrance that this will be the unsaved sinner's portion *for ever* and *for ever*, continually renew our feeble gratitude and love to Him who has saved us, and inflame our zeal for the salvation of those who are perishing !

The Sufferings of the Cross.



HEAD so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn;
'Midst other sore abuses,
Mock'd with a crown of thorn!

O Head! ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death once bow'd and wounded,
Accursed on the tree!

Thou countenance transcendent,
Thou life-creating Sun
To worlds on Thee dependent,
Yet bruised and spit upon!
O Lord! what Thee tormented
Was our sins' heavy load,
We had the debt augmented,
Which Thou didst pay in blood.

And, oh! what consolation
Doth in our hearts take place,
When we Thy toil and passion
Can joyfully retrace;

Ah ! should we, while thus musing
On our Redeemer's cross,
E'en life itself be losing,
Great gain would be that loss.

We give Thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus ! Friend in need,
For what Thy soul sustained,
When Thou for us didst bleed ;
Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon Thy faithfulness,
Until to glory taken
We see Thee face to face.





FILL high the bowl and spice it well and
pour

The dews oblivious; for the cross is
sharp;

The cross is sharp, and He
Is tenderer than a Lamb.

“ He wept by Lazarus’ grave—how will He bear
This bed of anguish! and His pale weak form
Is worn with many a watch
Of sorrow and unrest.

“ His sweat last night was as great drops of blood;
And the sad burthen pressed Him so to earth,
The very torturers paused
To help Him on His way.

“ Fill high the bowl, benumb His aching sense
With medicin’d sleep.”—Oh awful in Thy woe!
The parching thirst of death
Is on Thee and Thou triest

The slumb’rous potion bland, and wilt not drink—
Not sullen, nor in scorn, like haughty man
With suicidal hand
Putting his solace by;

But, as at first, Thine all-pervading look
Saw from Thy Father's bosom to th' abyss,
Measuring in calm presage
The infinite descent ;

Thou wilt feel all, that Thou may'st pity all ;
And rather wouldst Thou wrestle with strong
pain,
Than overcloud Thy soul
So clear its agony,

Or lose one glimpse of heaven before the time.
O most entire and perfect sacrifice,
Renewed in every pulse
That on the tedious cross

Told the long hours of death, as, one by one,
The life-strings of that tender heart gave way ;
E'en sinners taught by Thee
Look sorrow in the face,

And bid her freely welcome, unbeguil'd
By false kind solaces, and spells of earth :—
And yet not all unsooth'd ;
For when was joy so dear,

As the deep calm that breath'd, "*Father for-
give ;*"

Or, "*Be with me in Paradise to-day ?*"

And, though the strife be sore,

Yet in His parting breath

Love masters agony ; the soul that seemed

Forsaken, feels her present God again,

And in her Father's arms

Contented dies away.





IS past—the dark and dreary night,
And, Lord, we hail Thee now,
Our “Morning Star” without a cloud
Of sadness on Thy brow.

Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
Thy sorrows all are o’er,
And, O sweet thought! Thine eye shall weep,
Thy heart shall break no more.

Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
The love that brought Thee low,
That bade the streams of life from Thee,
A lifeless victim, flow.

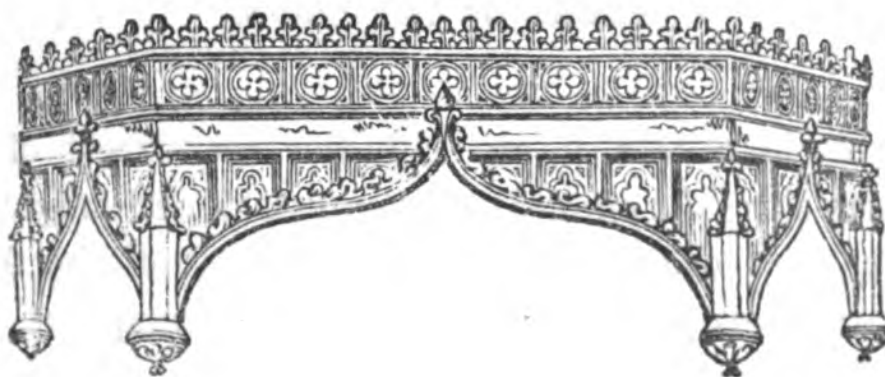
The soldier, as he pierced Thee, proved
Man’s hatred, Lord, to Thee,
While in the blood that stain’d the spear
Love, only love, we see.

Drawn from Thy pierced and bleeding side,
That pure and cleansing flood
Speaks peace to every heart that knows
The virtues of Thy blood.

Yet 'tis not that we know the joy
Of cancell'd sin alone,
But, happier far, Thy saints are call'd
To share Thy glorious throne.

So closely are we link'd in love,
So wholly one with Thee,
That all Thy bliss and glory then
Our bright reward shall be.





The Cross the Revelation of Sin.

IN two distinct ways the cross of Christ reveals the sin of man, reveals to us what *we are*, and well may the revelation humble our proud hearts.

In the words and deeds of the crucifixion we may see ourselves reflected ; in the sufferings and death of the crucified we may see ourselves condemned and executed by God ; our character, our nature, were both *developed* and *judged* in that scene, developed by men, judged by God. “ As face answereth to face in a glass, so does the heart of man to man.” They who committed this crime were not devils but men, our brethren ; every one of them with hearts fashioned like ours ; as they acted, we, under similar circumstances should act ; let us look then at these children of Adam and behold *ourselves*. Consider *what* they did, *how* they did it, and *why* they did it. The deed itself was black as midnight, the murder of the Son of God ! admit their unbelief and ignorance

of this in excuse, it was still the very worst of all human sins ; the murder of the purest, kindest, mightiest being that ever trod the earth. Think of the folly, the rashness, the ingratitude, the presumption, the cruelty, that rendered such an act possible. Remember all that Jesus of Nazareth had been, and had said, and had done among them ; what had they to gain by killing Him, what had they *not* to lose ? They were turning out of the world, one who, at any rate, claimed to be its maker and theirs, and One whose mighty works might well have convinced them of the truth of His claim ; they were venturing to insult, torture, and destroy one who asserted that He held in His sole hand the powers of giving eternal life and inflicting eternal death on all mankind ; they were depriving themselves of the only healer of every sin-born misery men had ever known ; they were executing in mad haste one whom they well knew to be unjustly condemned, and yet they invoked the curse of His innocent blood on themselves and their children. Such was the deed, and how was it done ? with so little of common humanity that no figures, but such as are drawn from the brute creation, can describe it ! Like “ bulls of Bashan ” were they in their cruel fierceness, like “ roaring and ravening lions ” in their clamorous malignity, like eastern “ dogs ” in their shameless meanness and contemptible moral degradation ! Beloved reader, can we help blushing for our common nature when we dwell on the record of the last day of our Lord’s life, when the utter wickedness of the wicked

loomed out in such dark, awful contrast, to the holiness, meekness, and love of the dear devoted Saviour ! And why, O *why* did they murder Him, and murder Him *thus*? because He was *God*! because He was *good*; because they were *sinners*; because they were *evil*. He loved righteousness and hated iniquity, they hated righteousness and loved iniquity. He had lived among them a revelation of God ; full of grace and truth ; He had shone, a light from heaven, in the pitchy darkness of earth. They hated Him, for they loved sin ; they detested the light, for their deeds were evil. There is no cloak for human sin any more ! “They have both seen and hated, both me and my Father,” said Jesus, and *the cross proved it*. They would extinguish the world’s light, they would annihilate God if possible, rather than renounce their sins. Dear reader, we may blush, we may weep, we may shudder to confess it, but *this is what we are*. And what must God think of those who could thus treat His Son—thus treat Him? Ah, *that cross tells us*. He thinks their case, *our case*, desperate, hopeless, irremediable ; He decides that the only thing for us is DEATH : that we are past mending, past curing, past reforming, past bearing with in our intensity of evil and rebellion ; that we deserve only wrath, judgment, death. God meted out these to our sin-bearer, our substitute, on Calvary, therefore He adjudged them to us ; and oh if it was only OUR RIGHTEOUS DUE, which Jesus there received and bore, *what must we be*? “In His spotless soul’s distress, I behold *my guiltiness*.”

Beloved reader, weigh this solemn thought ! Judge sin, judge your sin, not by the false standards which sinful men set up ; not by that earthly wisdom which in the light of “ God only wise ” is veriest “ foolishness ; ” but judge of it by the dreadful award which the Just Judge has measured to it, and which His own Son in infinite love has endured on its account—the sorrow which “ amazed ” His soul—the wrath—the death which overwhelmed Him—and thus judging of it, dread it, abhor it, renounce it, not in your own power, but in the power of a Saviour slain and risen—a Saviour living for evermore, the life and strength of all who believe in Him.



The Cross the Revelation of Sin.



LOW, my tears, flow still faster,
Thus my guilt and sin bemoan;
Mourn my heart in deeper anguish,
Over sorrows not thine own!
See a spotless Lamb draw nigh
To Jerusalem, to die
For thy sins the sinless One;—
Think! oh, think! what thou hast done!

See Him stand while cruel fetters
Bind the hands that framed the world,
While around Him bitter mocking,
Laughter and contempt are hurled;
Heathen rage and Jewish scorn
Meekly for our sins are borne,
Sin has brought Him from above;
Who can fathom such a love?

Soon the heavy doom is spoken,
Even Pilate's pleading ceased;
Jesus to the cross is chosen,
And Barabbas is released!

Ah, there is no loving word,
Not one voice of pity heard !
But the loud and frenzied cry,
“ Crucify Him !—crucify ! ”

Can we view the Saviour given
To the smiter's hands for us ?
Can we all unmoved, unhumbled,
See Him mocked and slighted thus ?—
View the thorny chaplet made
For His meek and silent head,—
Hear the loud and angry din,
And not tremble for our sin ?

Follow from the hall of judgment
This sad Saviour on His way ;—
But, in spirit, as ye journey,
Often pause, and humbly pray,
Pray the Father to behold
By the Son thy ransom told,
And a substitute for thee
In His well-beloved see !

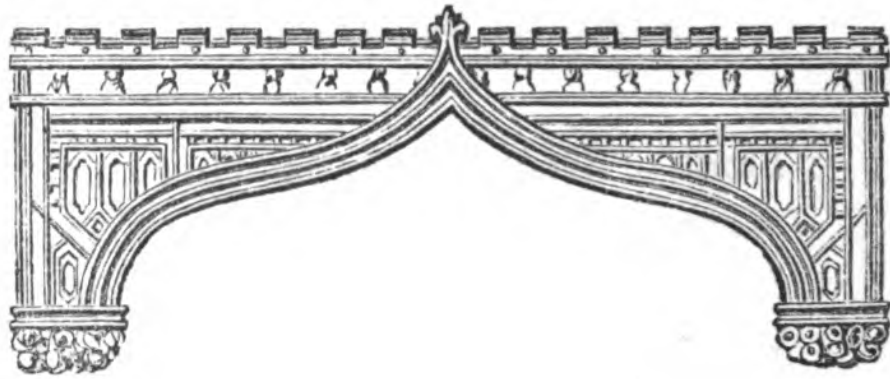
Must I, Jesus, thus behold Thee,
In Thy toil and sorrow here ?
Can I nothing better yield Thee
Than my unavailing tear ?

Lamb of God, I weep for Thee !
Weep, Thy cruel cross to see,
Weep, for death that death destroys,
Weep, for grief that brings me joys !

Poor is all that I can offer,
Soul and body while I live ;
Take it, O my Saviour, take it,—
I have nothing more to give,
Come, and in this heart remain,
Let each enemy be slain,
Let me live and die with Thee ;
To Thy kingdom welcome me !

Loud and louder, saints are singing,
Glory ! glory ! Christ to Thee !
Over death and hell for ever
Thou hast triumphed gloriously ;
I am Thine and Thou art mine,
Oh ! to see Thy brightness shine !
Lord Thy day of grief is o'er,
Come in glory—come once more !





The Cross the Revelation of Righteousness.

“ My life draweth nigh to the grave. THOU hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps ! THY fierce wrath goeth over me, THY terrors have cut me off ! THOU hast brought me into the dust of death.”

NOT to Judas the heartless traitor, not to Pilate the unjust judge, not to Israel, His thankless enemies, not to the Gentile sinners for whose iniquities He was dying, did the suffering Saviour's soul address these bitter complaints ! No : but to GOD HIS FATHER ; to the Holy One of Israel, whom He had ever loved, served, obeyed, and perfectly glorified ! These expressions reveal to us not *man's part*, not our part, in the cross, (at that we have already looked,) but *God's part in it* ; God's part in the death of His Son. In view of *this* we may well exclaim, “ Herein is righteousness,” even as in contemplating His provision of this Lamb for the slaughter, we before marvelled, saying, “ herein is love ! ” Yes, dear reader, though Peter rightly charged Israel with the

crime of which they were morally guilty,—killing the Prince of Life,—yet in the deepest sense it was God who sacrificed His Son !

“Pilate marvelled if he were already dead,” when tidings reached him, that after a few hours of crucifixion, the unrighteously condemned one had expired ! The Centurion who superintended the execution also marvelled ; he knew from experience that the victims of crucifixion were wont to linger for days in torture, and to die of exhaustion at last. The loud cry with which He gave up the ghost proved that Christ was unexhausted, and the Centurion counted His death a miracle ; he knew of no natural cause to account for it. But the “water and blood” which flowed after death from that pierced side, agree with the words of inspiration, to teach *us* that there was a natural cause for this otherwise inexplicably sudden death : that “water and blood” could flow only from a *broken heart*, and the heart of Jesus was broken ; anguish rent its walls, and well it might ! “*Reproach hath broken my heart*,” was His own prophetic wail, and the words are no metaphor. Not the mere reproaches of His enemies : those He could have borne, and counted it joy to bear, for His Father’s sake, as thousands of His followers have done for His. Neither from their reproaches, nor from their cruelties, did He shrink with the extraordinary shrinking of Gethsemane ; *their* hands held not the cup He shudderingly accepted ; their malice produced not “the hour,” from passing through which His whole soul recoiled. No ! it

was from God's "fierce wrath," from God's "terrors," from God's hand lying heavily upon Him in judgment of the sins He made His own, it was from this He shrank with "strong cryings and tears," and the experience of this it was that *broke His heart*. "It pleased *the Lord* to bruise Him, He hath put Him to grief." At Calvary the chastisement of our iniquities, as well as those iniquities themselves, was laid upon Him; He was made a curse for us! This realized wrath of His Father was more than the blessed Saviour could bear, it killed Him! "THOU HAST BROUGHT ME INTO THE DUST OF DEATH." Ah dear reader, realizing this, and remembering that the One whom God there put to grief on account of sin, was His Son, His only Son, whom He loved, "the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person," one in whom He was always well pleased, His elect in whom His soul delighted, His *beloved Son*, who was never dearer to Him than at the moment when His exquisite filial obedience and affection led Him to bear all this, because He delighted to do His Father's will, let us ask, is not *God righteous*? O, is *sin* a light thing in *His* eyes? Is there any chance that it will ever be permitted to go unpunished? Surely THE CROSS ANSWERS, NONE. The Father proved there was not, when He could not spare His Son; the Son proved there was not, when He accepted such a cup. GOD'S RIGHTEOUSNESS IS INVIOLEABLE, immovable as the great mountains, His faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds! Looking on the cross of Christ, let no sinner

fondly dream of escape from the living death of everlasting destruction which God has threatened, by any other mode than the one He has appointed—that of faith in the crucified One ; and looking on that cross let no believer ever question his perfect, present, and eternal acceptance. A righteous God can never again hold him guilty of sins thus atoned for by such a substitute.



The Cross the Revelation of Righteousness.



WONDROUS hour ! when Jesus, Thou
Co-equal with th' eternal God,
Beneath our sin vouchsafed to bow,
And in our nature felt the rod.

On Thee the Father's blessed Son
Jehovah's utmost anger fell,
That all was borne, that all is done,
Thine agony, Thy cross can tell.

When most in angry Satan's power,
Dear Lord, Thy suffering spirit seemed,
Then in that dark and fearful hour
Thine arm our guilty souls redeemed.

Thy cross, Thy cross, there Lord we learn
What Thou in all Thy fulness art,
There through the dark'ning clouds discern
The love of Thy devoted heart.

'Twas mighty love's constraining power
That made Thee, blessed Saviour, die,
'Twas love in that tremendous hour
That triumphed in Thy parting sigh.

'Twas all for us, our life we owe,
Our hope, our crown of joy to Thee;
Thy sufferings, in that hour of woe,
Thy victory, Lord, hath made us free.



“Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.”

JESUS. JUSTICE. SINNER.

JESUS. Bring forth the prisoner, justice.

JUSTICE. Thy commands
Are done, just Judge; see here the
pris'ner stands.

JESUS. What has the pris'ner done? say what's
the cause
Of his commitment?

JUSTICE. He hath broke the laws
Of his too gracious God; conspired the
death
Of that great Majesty who gave him
breath,
And heaps transgression, Lord, upon
transgression.

JESUS. How know'st thou this?

JUSTICE. E'en by his own confession;
His sins are crying; and they cry aloud;
They cry to heaven—they cry to heaven
for blood.

JESUS. What say'st thou, sinner? Hast thou
aught to plead
That sentence should not pass? hold up
thy head
And show thy brazen, thy rebellious face!

SINNER. Ah me ! I dare not ; I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth, much more to lift
Mine eyes to heaven ; I need no other
 shift
Than mine own conscience ; Lord, I must
 confess
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me ; ah ! if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What flesh can stand ? I have trans-
 gressed thy laws,
My merits plead Thy vengeance, not my
 cause.

JUSTICE. Lord, shall I strike the blow ?

JESUS. Hold, justice, stay ;
Sinner, speak on, what hast thou more to
 say ?

SINNER. Vile as I am, and by myself abhorred,
I am Thy handi-work, Thy creature,
 Lord ;
Stamped with Thy glorious image, and
 at first
Most like to Thee, though now a poor
 accurst,
Convicted caitiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at Thy bar.

JUSTICE. Thy fault's the greater.
Lord, shall I strike the blow ?

JESUS. Hold, justice, stay ;
Speak, sinner, hast thou nothing else to
say ?

SINNER. Nothing but mercy, mercy, Lord ; my state
Is miserable, poor, and desperate ;
I quite renounce myself, the world, and
flee

From Lord to JESUS, from Thyself to Thee.

JUSTICE. Cease thy vain hopes ! my angry God has
vowed

Abused mercy must have blood for blood ;
Shall I yet strike the blow ?

JESUS. Stay, justice, hold ;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood
grows cold

To view the trembling wretch ; methinks
I spy

My Father's image in the pris'ner's eye !

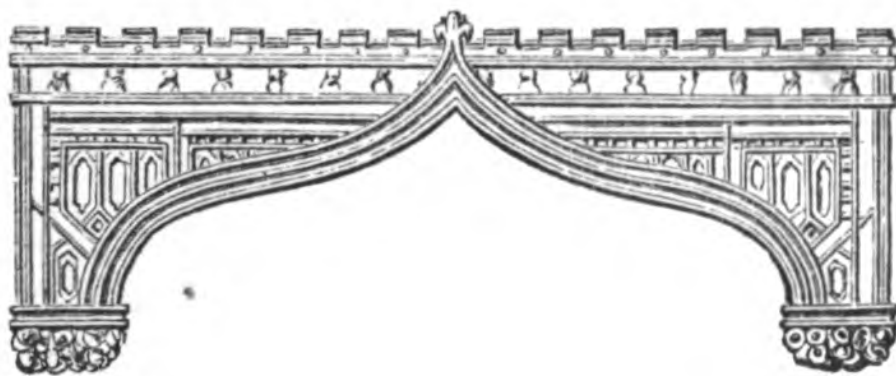
JUSTICE. I cannot hold !

JESUS. Then turn thy thirsty blade
Into my side, there let the wound be
made,

Cheer up dear soul, redeem thy life with
Mine,

My soul shall smart, My heart shall bleed
for thine.

SINNER. O groundless deeps ! O love beyond degree,
Th' offended dies, to set th' offender free !



The Cross our Redemption.

SEE yon miserable man about to be sold by auction as a slave—severed for ever from all he holds most dear, and subjected to heart-breaking bondage and life-long captivity ! The sale is over, see him again. Joy is beaming in every feature, his face is radiant with smiles of happiness and gratitude ! Why ? He is *redeemed*, his purchaser paid a heavy price for him, only to set him at liberty ; he is a slave no longer, he is free ! Henceforth redemption will be a sweet thought to his mind, and his redeemer dear, inexpressibly dear, to his heart ! But more sweet to the believer's mind, and more dear to the believer's heart, *his* redemption, *his* redeemer ! What a tale of deliverance those words tell him ; what a history of his own distress and misery, and of the generous, priceless, undeserved love of Christ ! Dear reader, do these words, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us," convey a world of precious truth to your heart, filling it with

comfort and consolation? If not, you can hardly apprehend them rightly. Consider them a moment. "Christ *hath redeemed us.*" Redeemed us? Yes! We were children of wrath even as others, "children of disobedience," *heirs of the wrath of God.* We were in the iron grasp of His holy and inflexible law, so often broken and despised, but never to be dishonoured with impunity. As rebels against it, we lay under its awful curse, and inevitable condemnation; bound in everlasting chains of spiritual death. Such was our miserable state, and we had no power to improve it; we could not give ourselves new natures; we could neither fulfil the claims of the law, nor free ourselves from its penalties; we could not pay that which justice demanded, or in other words, receive our well-earned wages, and yet live, "for the wages of sin is death," eternal death.

In all this misery and helplessness, the blessed Christ beheld and pitied us. He loved us, He came to us, He *redeemed* us. Ah, at what a cost! He paid the ransom, His own precious blood! He rendered the perfect obedience the law required, He suffered all it could inflict; and thus by His own voluntary subjection to them, purchased our eternal exemption from all its pains and penalties. He gave LIFE FOR LIFE, and "it is the blood (of the sacrificed life) that maketh an atonement for the soul." By all this HE REDEEMED US; for ever blessed be His name! And now we who believe in Him are FREE! No longer the slaves of sin, but FREE. No longer the prisoners of law, but FREE. No

longer the captives of death, but FREE. No longer the victims of judgment to come, but FREE ; from all that was against us, whether the justice of God, the curse of the law, or the powers of sin and Satan, we are FREE, ransomed, bought with a price, REDEEMED WITH THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST !

And free for what? To be our own masters? To serve and please ourselves? Ah, the redeemed soul refuses the thought. Verily no! But to be for ever servants to Him who has freed us at such a cost! We are not *our own*, but bought with a price, in order that we may glorify God in our bodies and spirits, which are His. Christ died for us, in order that we, living, should live henceforth not to ourselves, but to Him who died for us. We are doubly, eternally *His*,—by right of creation, and by the stronger right of redemption. We *were His* to begin with, but He has made us His anew, by a purchase which involved “the sacrifice of Himself,” that we should walk in newness of life, in the liberty wherewith He has set us free, worthily of Him, our Redeemer, in the joy of His great salvation, serving under the constraint of His unspeakable love, and heartily praising, as we shall for ever praise in heaven, the Lamb who was slain, and has redeemed us to God by His blood !

The Cross our Redemption.



OURS is a pardon bought with blood,
Amazing truth, the blood of one
Who without usurpation could
Lay claim to heaven's eternal throne.

No victim of inferior worth
Could ward the stroke that justice aimed,
For none but He in heaven or earth
Could offer that which justice claimed.

But He, the Lord of glory, came,
On yonder cross He bowed His head ;
He suffered pain, He suffered shame,
And lay a prisoner with the dead.

But lo ! He rises from the grave
And bears the greatest, sweetest name,
The Lord Almighty now to save
From sin, from death, from endless shame.

Sweet is the pardon thus procured ;
And oh, how dear the Saviour is
To him for whom He thus endured
The punishment that else were his !



IN our Lord we have redemption,
Full remission through His blood,
From the curse entire exemption,
From the curse pronounced by God :
What a Saviour Jesus is,
O what love—what love is His !

Praise be His, all praise transcending,
Praise on earth and praise in heaven,
Praise through ages never ending
To the Lamb of God be given ;
He alone the Saviour is ;
Everlasting praise be His !





BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe ;
See from His agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow ;

Till death's pale ensigns o'er His cheeks
And trembling lips were spread ;
Till light forsook His closing eyes,
And life His drooping head !

'Tis finished—was His latest voice ;
Those sacred accents o'er,
He bowed His head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.

'Tis finished—the Messiah dies
For sins, but not His own ;
THE GREAT REDEMPTION IS COMPLETE
And Satan's power o'erthrown.

'Tis finished—all His groans are past ;
His blood, and pain, and toils
Have fully vanquished all our foes,
And crowned Him with their spoils.

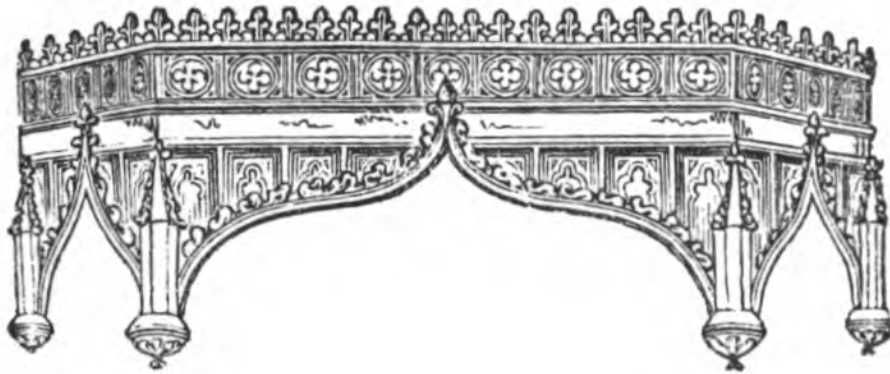
'Tis finished—legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run ;
Old things are now all passed away,
And a new world begun.





CLING to the Crucified !
His death is life to thee,—
Life for eternity ;
His pains thy pardon seal ;
His stripes thy bruises heal ;
His cross proclaims thy peace,
Bids every sorrow cease,
His blood is all to thee ;
It purges thee from sin,
It sets thy spirit free,
It keeps thy conscience clean ;
Cling to the Crucified !

Cling to the Crucified !
His is a heart of love,
Full as the hearts above ;
Its depths of sympathy
Are all awake for thee ;
His countenance is light,
Even in the darkest night ;
That love shall never change,
That light shall ne'er grow dim ;
Charge thou thy faithless heart,
To find its all in Him ;
Cling to the Crucified !



The Cross our Reconciliation.

THE frown of the Almighty, the wrath of the Eternal, the *anger of God*, what must it be? It makes hell. The devils and the lost dwell in it, and know what it is; the Saviour on the cross (blessed, holy, self-sacrificing sin-bearer!) experienced it, in our stead; it "distracted" Him, it "cut Him off," it "consumed" him. God's *favour* is life, his loving kindness better than life; but His displeasure, His wrath, is *death*, destruction. For a brief passing moment, thousands on whom *this wrath abides*, are spared the realization of its *effects*: "the wrath of God abideth" on every unbeliever; but unbelievers little feel it, little think of it in general; and none have ever yet conceived, much less endured, its tremendous results, save the One who endured them instead of His people. O if they had, if any sinner living had for one hour felt the full effect of the ANGER OF GOD, how eagerly would he grasp at the assurance from the mouth of God, "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely, *for mine anger is turned away.*" How earnestly would he exclaim from his heart's inmost

depths, "O God, I will praise thee though thou wast angry with me, *thine anger is turned away*, and thou comfortest me! Behold God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid." Can this awful anger of God be averted from those who merit it, the wicked with whom He is angry every day? It can—the cross tells us how! By the removal of the sin which incurred it, by the death of the objects who deserved it. Christ put away the sin of all who believe in Him when He died the just for (instead of) the unjust; virtually the ungodly died in Him when He died for (instead of) the ungodly; praying, "Father, forgive them;" "let them not be ashamed for my sake, O Lord God of hosts." In that death justice was satisfied; sin met its inevitable punishment; God's holiness was vindicated and maintained; His anger was turned away from the sinner, and exhausted on the substitute. The cross removes every barrier to the outflow of the mercy of God to guilty men. It is not only the *expression* of the deep love of God to sinners which prompted that mercy, and which from eternity lay behind all His anger against sin, but it is the *means* by which the righteous anger can be righteously removed, and that eternal mercy be righteously manifested: and it is more! It is the means also by which sinful men are reconciled to a holy God! That God's anger should be turned away is not enough to produce reconciliation between Him and His long alienated creatures. That I cordially forgive my enemy will not suffice to reconcile him to me, unless he

knows it and believes it ; and in proportion to the greatness of his crime will be his difficulty in believing that I have pardoned him and now love him freely ; strong proofs will be required to convince him. The sinner's difficulties in believing this of God arise from several sources ; from his deep consciousness of his own undeservingness, from his innate ignorance of the character of God, from the utter dissimilarity of his own character, and from Satan's delusive power to make him believe a lie. That God should love him freely and intensely when he, as a rebel and an enemy, deserves only wrath and judgment, seems to him incredible. No assertion would ever convince him of it ; but actions speak louder than words ! My enemy could not refuse to believe in my reconciliation of heart to him, if he saw me sacrifice my all and lay down my life for his sake ; nor can a sinner, when once he believes that the Saviour who did this on Calvary was *God*, *refuse to be reconciled to Him*. The proof of God-like love, of divine compassion, of free perfect grace, given in the cross of Christ, when it is once appreciated, is *irresistible* ; it melts the hardest heart ! “ God was in Christ *reconciling the world unto himself*, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed to us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though *God did beseech you by us*, we pray you in Christ's stead *be ye reconciled to God*. For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.”

Beloved reader, is your inmost heart reconciled to God? The kind, good, forgiving, loving God, who is labouring, through the crucifixion of His Son, to reconcile us to Himself—are you reconciled to Him? Do you feel that your sins and His anger, which separated between you, are *gone*, laid by His grace upon another, who has removed them by His life-blood? That the enmity and aversion, the distrust and dislike, even the doubts and fears, you once entertained towards God were groundless, mistaken, and most unjust? that the indifference with which you once regarded the crucified is now abhorrent to you, and is replaced by heartfelt love and worship? If not, dear reader, the lesson of the cross has not yet come home to your heart; you are still *unreconciled* to Him, and I beseech you in Christ's stead *be now reconciled to God!* O if you could hear the pale and quivering lips of the dying Immanuel address you by name, and say with his latest breath, "Sinner, I beseech you, be reconciled to me! I am giving my life for yours; why hate me? why fear me? why distrust me or my Father? it is His will I should do all this for you; He, too, loves you—I beseech you for my sake be reconciled to Him!" Reader, if you had heard such words from the God who cannot lie, how would you feel? Now then we are *ambassadors* for God; it is as though God *did* so beseech you by us, "we pray in Christ's stead," we pray you by Christ's cross, "BE RECONCILED TO GOD."

The Cross our Reconciliation.



THOUGHT upon my sins, and I was
sad,
My soul was troubled sore, and filled
with pain;
But then I thought on Jesus and was
glad,
My heavy grief was turned to joy
again.

I thought upon the law, the fiery law,
Holy and just, and good in its decree;
I looked to Jesus, and in Him I saw
That law fulfilled, its curse endured for me.

I thought I saw an angry frowning God,
Sitting as Judge upon the great white throne;
My soul was overwhelmed; then Jesus showed
His gracious face, and all my dread was gone.

I saw my sad estate, condemned to die,
Then terror seized my heart and dark despair;
But when to Calvary I turned my eye,
I saw the cross, and read forgiveness there.

I saw that I was lost, far gone astray,
No hope of safe return there seemed to be ;
But then I heard that Jesus was the way,
A new and living way prepared for me.

Then in that way, so free, so safe, so sure,
Sprinkled all o'er with reconciling blood,
Will I abide, and never wander more,
Walking along in fellowship with God.





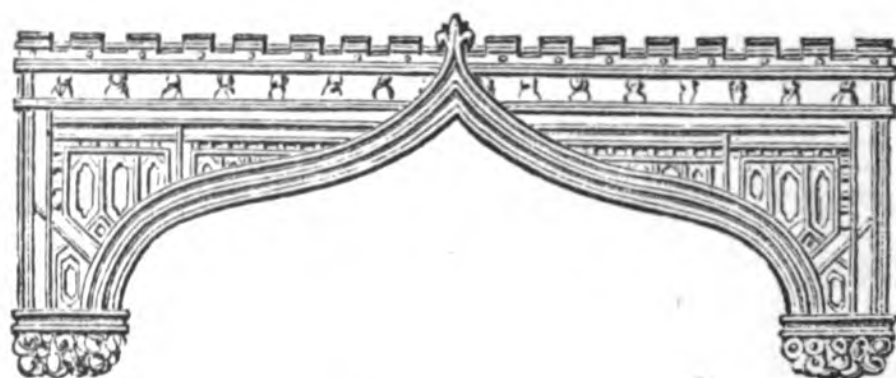
MIND at "perfect peace" with God,
O what a word is this !
A sinner reconciled through blood ;—
This, *this* indeed is peace !

By nature and by practice far,
How very far from God !
Yet now, by grace, brought nigh to Him,
Through faith in Jesus' blood.

So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be ;
For in the person of His Son,
I am as near as He.

So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be ;
The love wherewith He loves the Son,
Such is His love to me.

Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine ?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me, *mine* is *thine* !



The Converting Power of the Cross.

MORAL phenomena are more marvellous than physical phenomena ; it requires mightier agency to influence mind, than to influence matter, and *conversion* is one of the greatest moral marvels the world presents. What is it ? A turning from sin and self to God—from sin which is so attractive, from self which is so tangible and ever present, to holiness which is naturally so repulsive and painful—to God, who is so unseen, so seemingly distant. A converted person is no longer a worshipper and servant of those former idols, SELF and SIN, but is turned “*to God, from idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven.*” That conversion is no fancy, no suppositious change, but a fact, a reality, has been proved times without number ; it transformed Saul of Tarsus, the blind persecuting zealot, into Paul the enlightened and devoted apostle ; it has transformed thousands of earth’s vilest sinners into saints and servants of God, and introduced them to

the company of the just made perfect. But what works this mighty change, what produces this conversion? *Not the will of man, nor the will of the flesh*; as well might Satan cast out Satan! Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit? if it can it is no evil tree! What the issues of the *human* heart are, we learn alike from history, revelation, and experience; out of the heart proceeds, not conversion to God, not anything good or holy, but evil, evil, evil, *only evil*. What then converts? *Not the law of God*, with its commandments, and threatenings, and promises, though indeed we should say it well might. *God has commanded* obedience to His revealed will; here is a power, how vast! what authority! what offers! what threatenings! But has it ever subdued or converted men? It has terrified them, as at Sinai, and produced temporary and partial reformations in many instances; but has it ever produced real heart conversion to God? Never! It has produced "motions of sin," it has given occasion to sin, to work all manner of lust, (though it is holy, just, and good,) in the heart, it has imparted "the knowledge of sin," it has caused "the offence to abound," it has brought "forth fruit unto death," it has "worked wrath." All this it has done, but conversion and salvation it never yet accomplished! It cannot convert from sin, it can only, by forbidding it, reveal it, develope it, increase it, and practically slay the sinner,—that is, condemn him to eternal death.

What then *can* convert? THE CROSS ALONE!

“ Law and terrors do but harden,
All the time they work alone ;
'Tis the grace that brings a pardon,
That can melt a heart of stone.”

And how does the cross, that spectacle of passive endurance, exert such wondrous power ? It is employed by the Holy Ghost, (who is the active agent in the regeneration of every saved soul,) as the means to this end ; that spectacle of passive suffering moves through the Holy Spirit the mainsprings of human thought, feeling, and action. It reveals the truth, and thus dissipates error as the sun clears away the mists of morning ; it reveals love, and thus melts and renovates the affections, and in result remodels the life. The cross reveals the truth about *sin*, about *righteousness*, and about *judgment*, among other things. Men naturally think sin a trifle ; an enjoyable and delightful thing, involving no momentous consequences ; their indulgence in it proves this ; they would not knowingly cherish a viper in their bosoms ; or intentionally treasure up “wrath against the day of wrath.” They think God’s righteousness to be a very flexible and uncertain attribute, and anticipate that they will never suffer the infliction of everlasting punishment, which it denounces. They admit themselves to be sinners, but dream not they are *such* sinners as to *deserve hell* ; eternal separation from God ; and as to “judgment to come,” they hear of it, think of it, believe in it, more or less, and dread it sometimes, but they have little enough prac-

tical faith in it, or conception of its character. A real understanding of the cross dispels all these delusions, and lets into nature's sin-darkened mind, a flood of heavenly light. It shows the *exceeding sinfulness* of sin, by the exceeding greatness of the sacrifice needed to put it away, the Son of God Himself! It shows the awful and certain misery sin must entail, by the indescribable sufferings of the holy sin-bearer; it shows (in the fate of the substitute) that by no possibility can sin *escape* its wages, or the sinner his doom, DEATH; it shows that God's mercy never, never will be exercised at the expense of His righteousness. It was impossible even towards His own holy child Jesus, how much less towards the actual sinners; and it shows that judgment to come is no myth, and *verily no trifle*; for the agonies that Jesus bore at Gethsemane and Golgotha, were only foreshadowings of the unbelieving sinners' eternal portion. When a man *sees* and *believes* all this HE REPENTS, that is, he changes his mind about these things, and turns to God. Henceforth he hates and fears sin, and eagerly seeks to avoid its consequences; he disarms the righteousness whose blow he no longer hopes to escape, by taking shelter where that blow has already fallen, never to fall again—in the crucified, dead, and risen Saviour—he shows his faith in and horror of judgment to come, by making the Judge his friend, by agreeing with his adversary quickly, while yet he is in the way with him; and by earnest endeavours to induce others to “flee from the wrath to come.”

And the cross further reveals *love*—the love of God, the love of Christ ; the believing sinner feels it ; “ vast the love that bruised and wounded ” its best beloved, and “ vast the love that bore the rod.”

The hard-hearted enemy of God can be such no longer when he *believes himself the object of this love* ; not even polar ice can withstand the warmth of the tropic sun ; the man melts, his whole soul melts ; love replaces enmity ; and *love*, dear reader, real love, is you know a mighty motive. So his character changes forthwith ! He *did* love SIN, then he sinned, cordially, continually sinned ; now he loves GOD, and he “ *sinneth not* ” with his heart as formerly, and if he sins, he trembles and weeps, and confesses, and says, “ it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me.” He did serve SELF because he did love self ; now he abhors himself, when he sees what he is and what he deserves ; and he loves CHRIST who has saved him instead ; henceforth he serves Christ, serves Him from love, not fear ! He did feel enmity to God, and as an enemy kept at a distance, deeming that God felt the same to him. Now he sees his mistake in the gift of Christ to die in his stead, *he sees the love of God to him*, and he draws near to God, in worship and in affection, and meekly yet trustingly looking up into His face, says, “ Abba, Father ! ” He *did* love the world, and the things of the world—*now* he perceives *its* true character, and *their* worthlessness ; he seeks it no longer, he seeks to be delivered from it, feeling that all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh,

the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, are not of the Father, *his* Father ; he did fear death, because, after death comes judgment ; now knowing judgment to be past, and believing Christ's assurance that he shall never come into condemnation, he welcomes death, saying, "to me to live is Christ, to die is gain"—"to depart and be with Christ is far better"—he is changed, converted, born again, "he is a new creature ; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." And what has wrought the change ? THE CROSS, explained and applied with renovating power by the Holy Spirit to his soul !

Beloved reader, are you *converted* ? Are you ?



The Converting Power of the Cross.



N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

I saw one hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

Oh! never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair,
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

Alas, I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

A second look He gave, which said,
 “ I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
 I die that thou may'st live.”

Thus while His death my sin displays
 In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace),
 It seals my pardon too.

With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
 My spirit now is filled,
That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by Him I killed.





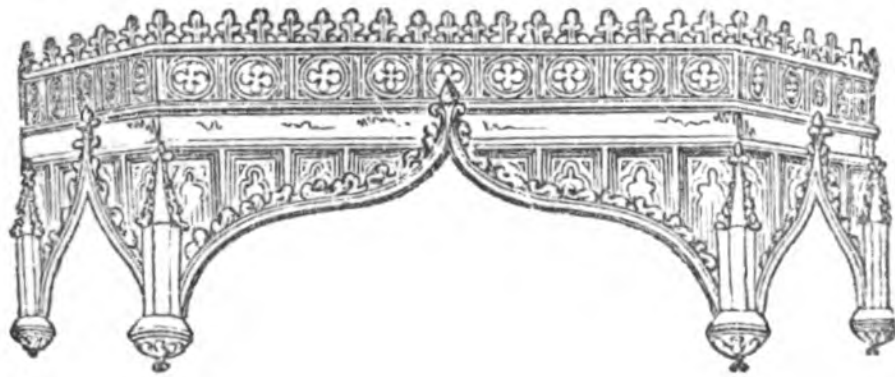
BURIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till His atoning blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness."

Our very frame is mixed with sin,
His spirit makes our natures clean ;
Such virtues from His sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from their necks.

Poor helpless worms in Thee possess,
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty all, and we,
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.



The Life-giving Power of the Cross.

EVERLASTING LIFE. O what a priceless boon ! Mortal life, with its brief span, its bitter pangs, and varied troubles, men count as God's best gift. Money cannot purchase it, might cannot command it ; it is bestowed and withdrawn at the sovereign pleasure of God alone. It is the last treasure men part with, and yet what is it ? existence, but often not enjoyment : existence in the midst of sorrow, and care, and fear, and uncertainty ; existence leading to an unknown and possibly a fearful future. But eternal life, what is *it* ? The blessing without the drawback, the pleasure without the pain, the enjoyment with nothing to mar it, for ever and ever and ever ! It is the unalloyed bliss of being ; the full joy of God's presence, the perfect security of heaven, for eternal ages. Well might Jesus, who knew what it was, speak of it as He did ; " eternal life," " everlasting

life," how often the words passed His lips ; that which they express is the highest good of which man is capable, the best blessing Christ could bestow, it is pre-eminently "*the gift of God through our Lord Jesus Christ.*" And the cross of Christ is the source of this eternal life for dead sinners. So to speak, eternal life hangs upon the cross, like a ripe fruit trembling on the bough, ready to drop with the first light touch. Yea more. One *look* from the dying sinner and it falls into his grasp, and becomes for ever his. But how ? That cross presents *death*, not *life*—can the sight of death give life ? No ; but the death of the sinless Son of God, *atoning as it did for SIN*, and *exhausting as it did SIN'S PENALTY*, opens the flood-gates of grace ; and grace with its glorious gift, eternal life, is there, ready to burst in on the sinner who only believes ! To a world of dead and guilty enemies God in grace offers this glorious gift ; and attaches but one condition to the offer : " God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH in him should not perish, but have EVERLASTING LIFE ; " " WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH in him shall not perish, but have ETERNAL LIFE." The bitten Israelite must look at the brazen serpent, in order to be saved from death, and gain new life ; the perishing sinner must look at the cross, that is, *believe in the crucified*, to become possessed of everlasting life.

Blessed be the God of all grace, that the condition is so easy a one—only to lift the eye, languid and death-

glazed even though it be, to lift the eye to the life-fount, only to cast and rest the soul by faith on the cross of Christ and live for ever! “Look *unto me and be saved*, all ye ends of the earth.” “THEY LOOKED *unto him*, and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed.”



The Life-giving Power of the Cross.



When the Hebrew prophet raised
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded looked and straight
were cured,
The people ceased to die ;

So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows ;
Who looks to Him with lively faith
Is saved from endless woes.

For God gave up His Son to death,
So gen'rous was His love,
That the believing might enjoy
Eternal life above.

Not to condemn the sons of men
The Son of God appeared ;
No weapons in His hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard.

He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore :
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
And bids us fear no more.





HERE is life for a look at the crucified
One!

There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and
be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

Oh! why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
Oh! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing
blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
But the blood that atoned for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at
once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

His anguish of soul on the cross hast thou seen,
His cry of distress hast thou heard?
Then why, if the terrors of wrath He endured,
Should pardon to Thee be deferred?

We are healed by His stripes;—would'st thou
add to the word?

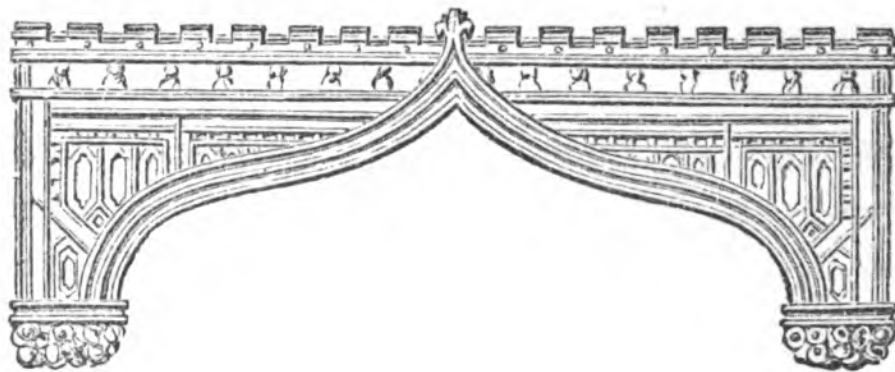
And He is our righteousness made;
The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on,
Oh could'st thou be better arrayed?

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has
declared,

There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once,
The life everlasting He gives;
And know, with assurance, thou never canst
die,
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

There is life for a look at the crucified One;
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him, and be saved,
And know thyself spotless as He.



The Peace-giving Power of the Cross.

“THERE is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked ; the wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest,” ceaselessly agitated by inward passions, tossed by rough winds of trial and change, suffering and disappointment, and exposed to the everlasting storm and tempest of the wrath of Almighty God ! And can such know peace ? The heart filled with anger and malice be at peace ? The guilty and self-accusing conscience feel at peace ? The sinner alienated from his Maker, and at war with his Omnipotent Judge, be at peace ? The never-dying soul on which the wrath of God even now abides, be at peace ? Impossible ! they *cannot* rest, they can never taste of inward peace ; passing lulls, deceitful calms, they may experience ; seared and insensitive consciences they may attain ; but real inward peace, never !

And yet how men strive for inward peace, and crave a quiet mind ! They think, rightly enough, that it was sin which destroyed it, and that therefore sin must be

put away before it can be restored ; but then they err in seeking with vain efforts of their own, to put sin away, thinking that their tears can atone for it, that their reformatations can remove it, that their resolutions can subdue it. Alas, how many thus weary themselves for nought, and travel only further and further away from the inward peace they yearn after !

Where then can peace be found ? There is but one true reply. In "Him who has made peace by the blood of His cross." In Him who "is our peace," the peace, the perfect peace, of the only peaceful hearts in this world, the peace of true believers. In Him who "brings peace," "speaks peace," "preaches peace," "gives peace," is "the Prince of Peace," IN CHRIST.

In Him who of old stood upon the stormy sea at midnight, and stilled into breathless silence the wild and warring elements with His simple "peace, be still ;" and who yet stands upon the stormier sea of human sin, blackening under the deeper shadow of divine wrath, and having, by the incomprehensible sacrifice of Himself, atoned for the sin, exhausted the wrath, and risen victorious from the grave where both lie buried, can equally still its tempest with a word ; and evoke out of its discord and confusion, harmony and peace ; perfect peace, resting on the stable foundation of sin put away for ever. The cross, apprehended and believed in, must produce this peace in the soul, because it removes all that can hinder and destroy it ; our wicked passions, ever in opposition to God ; our consciousness of guilt ;

our uncertainty as to the future ; and the fear of wrath which hath torment. These disappear like snow in summer, in the warmth and light which beam from the cross of Christ. It subdues the rebellious and unruly passions of the heart, by the only power which could subdue them—the power of the love it displays, and the grace it yields ; and thus brings the heart into willing subjection to God, and some measure of conformity to Christ, who said, “not My will but Thine be done.” God and the believing sinner are no longer at variance, but at one ; there is peace between them.

Again : the cross, understood and relied on, cleanses the conscience from the stain and burden of guilt ; for the believer knows himself to have been by its means “once purged,” and therefore he has “no more conscience of sins ;” his heart is sprinkled by the blood of Jesus “from an evil conscience ;” he is made “clean every whit ;” Christ Himself says so, and the Christian trusts Him, and has peace. So the cross removes for ever all uncertainty as to the future ; “Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood (that is, by faith appropriates the cross) hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day ;” and it changes the fear that hath torment, into the love that “casteth out fear ;” the child-like confidence, the affection towards God who spared not His own Son, but freely gave Him up for us all, which cannot fail to produce peace, perfect peace. In a word, the believer sees that in the cross, Christ “*put away sin* by the sacrifice of himself,” and peace

flows into his soul like a river. How is it then that some believers are destitute of this peace with God, or enjoy it very partially and only at intervals? Beloved reader, if such is your state, ponder this thought, upon which space forbids me now to dwell as I should wish.

You must not only believe in Jesus, but by Him believe in God. You must not only believe God's *testimony about Christ*, but you must also believe *God's testimony about the Christian*. You must account as true, not only what He says about *Jesus*, but what He says about the *believer in Jesus*; and you must *believe* the latter without *seeing* or *feeling* it to be true, just as you *believe* the former. You cannot see or feel that Jesus died, yet you believe it. Why? God's Word says so; *you believe it on the testimony of God's Word alone*. Nor can you see or feel that His death atoned for the believer's sins; that they are thereby forgiven, or that he has eternal life; yet you must believe all this to be so, because God's Word says so; *you must believe it on the testimony of God alone*.

So believing you will enjoy "peace with God;" "Being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ;" but doubting this his testimony as to the result of faith, (you will be *saved* if you trust in Christ, but) you will be a stranger to the *joy of salvation*, a stranger to peace in believing. Collect all the statements the Word of God contains as to the present and future portion of *the believer*; read them over, and if you are a believer, say to your soul, "God declares

all this of ME ! I believe it, let God be true and every man a liar ! Sight, I will no longer believe you ! *feelings*, I will no longer believe you ! mere reason and experience, I will no longer believe you ! I believe *God* in spite of you all ;” and then see if you have not *peace* and joy in believing.

This peace with God is a heavenly stranger in this sinful world ; but it enters the human breast at the word of Jesus, at the sight of His cross ; and once received, it makes its abode there ; it reigns and rules, and puts down all opposition ; it “ keeps the heart and mind,” garrisons the soul against all disturbing intruders, it works wonders, yea ! it passeth all understanding ; it is the peace of heaven enjoyed on earth, the peace of eternity tasted in time, “ the peace of God ” shared by the creature. Beloved reader, *may it be yours*, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



The Peace-giving Power of the Cross.



WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend !

Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid ;
Here we see redemption flowing,
From the sacrifice He made.

Truly blessed is the station,
Low before the cross to lie ;
And behold the great salvation,
To rebellious man brought nigh.

Here we find the dawn of heaven,
While upon the cross we gaze ;
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise.

Oh ! that near the cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave !
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
All for Him content to leave.

May we still, the cross discerning,
There alone for comfort go ;
And new wonders daily learning,
More of Jesus' fulness know.





WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away ;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.



H! what a thrill of deep delight
Through the bright hosts of glory ran,
When Jesus, in the fearful fight,
Had finished all for ransomed man!

“ ’TIS FINISHED! FINISHED!” sweetly rung,
Through the whole world of bliss above;
And seraphim broke forth and sung
The glories of redeeming love.

Thus heaven rejoiced; while yet below,
Jesus, Thy saints in deep dismay
Beheld the scene of mighty woe,
Till faith, and all but love, gave way.

Yes; it was love alone that led
Thy brethren, Lord, to seek Thy grave;
But every gleam of hope had fled,
For Thou they deemed had'st failed to save.

'Twas Thine own arm of power that broke,
Lord, ere they came, the grave's control;
'Twas Thine own blessed voice that spoke,
“ PEACE, PEACE!” to each reviving soul.

Peace was their portion—peace is ours ;
We, like thine earlier brethren, see
Our victory won o'er Satan's powers—
Our blessedness secured by Thee.

In the pure blood on Calvary shed,
Washed from our sin, beloved Lord,
We, with Thyself, our living Head,
Wait for our glorious, bright reward.





The Supporting Power of the Cross.

“The life which I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.” (Gal. ii, 20.)

IN two entirely different senses, the glorious cross of Christ is the support of all who are saved by it. It is that on which they *stand*, and it is that by which they *live*.

First, it is the firm *foundation* on which we build for eternity, the solid rock by which we are upborne amid the storms of time, and shall be sustained in the coming hurricane of judgment ; it is the broad rocky summit of an immovable mountain, whose roots descend infinitely deep into the eternal righteousness and power and love of God. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but this foundation of our faith shall never pass away. Nothing can remove it, nothing can even shake it ! Justice cannot, for it is justified of God’s justice, yea, the work of that justice : mercy cannot, for it is the offspring and delight of God’s mercy ; power cannot, for it is itself

“the power of God unto salvation” to every one that believeth ; time cannot, for it is eternal redemption ; “by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified ;” Satan cannot, for it is the means of his destruction, “through death Christ destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil ;” the cross crushed the serpent’s head ; by it the Lord of life slew death with his own sword, and delivered his captives ; and sin cannot, for it made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness. In short, the cross is God’s great masterpiece ; the grand foundation He has laid for the living temple of saved sinners ; its perfection is simply in accordance with the infinite ability of Him who laid it. Resting on it, I am SAFE ; the gates of hell cannot prevail against me ; the rains may fall, the floods may swell, the winds may beat upon my soul, but built upon the rock Christ crucified, it smiles at the storm, and peacefully waits till it shall for ever pass away.

“On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.”

But not only is the cross our foundation, it is also our food. Israel of old was sustained and refreshed through the long dark night, till the morning of deliverance dawned, by that which at the same time was sheltering them from judgment. The paschal lamb which gave its life-blood to screen them from Egypt’s death doom, gave also its flesh, roast with fire, to support and strengthen

them for their weary wilderness journey ; touching emblem of the double sense in which we “live by faith in the Son of God, who loved us and gave himself for us !” Still more touching expression of the same truth is that other emblem which the Lord Himself appointed for His people, on the eve of His betrayal to the death it commemorates. “The Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread ; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, ‘take, eat, this is my body which is broken for you, this do in remembrance of me ; as oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord’s death, till he come.’” Sweet symbols of the cross ! Of that broken body, and shed blood, which appropriated by faith, not only quicken, but strengthen and sustain the believer.

O sacred divine mystery ! “Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you ; whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him ; he that eateth me, *even he shall live by me* ; he that eateth of this bread *shall live for ever*.”

Christ crucified and risen quickens the soul, *imparts life*, at conversion ; and faith in Christ crucified and risen can alone sustain the spiritual life, thus imparted. By eating of this bread from heaven we have eternal life ; “he that eateth this bread shall live for ever.” But we

must eat it not once for all *only*, we must feed on it, day by day, that we may dwell in Him and He in us. It needs a continual recurrence of heart to Calvary, a tarrying there, a dwelling there, to keep the soul alive and vigorous. There the fainting spirit must be revived, there the darkening mists of earth must be dispelled ; there must the eye be afresh anointed with eye salve, to discern the unseen, and to behold the coming joy and glory, secured by the past sorrow and shame ; there must the sin into which saints, alas, are evermore betrayed, be purged afresh from the conscience by precious blood ; there the cold dark heart must rekindle, relume its waning love, with a live coal from the quenchless fires of Christ's unchanging affection ; there the penitent must come for pardon, the good soldier for courage, the broken-hearted for sympathy, and the sorely-tempted for deliverance ; in short, there only can we find help in every time of need ; there, then, let us be always found, *living the life we live, by faith in the Son of God.*

Dear reader, are you still a stranger to the cross ? Alas, then, you have no foundation under your feet—nothing on which to rest your soul for salvation ; you are building on sand, to be swept from under you by the first wave of judgment ; your soul must fall, and great will be the fall thereof, even an eternal falling, into and in the bottomless pit !

Alas for you ! you have no food for your craving soul ; you cannot satisfy it with the husks swine do eat

and you are refusing the bread of heaven, the food of angels! You have nothing to sustain your spirit's weakness, nothing to appease its yearning hunger, nothing to avert its eternal death! Nothing! and yet, "there is bread enough and to spare;" you have but to eat and live for ever! O brother! sister! be entreated, be warned! "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, you have no life in you;" except you appropriate by faith His atoning death on the cross, you have not, you will never have, eternal life! *O believe and live!*



The Supporting Power of the Cross.



MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name :
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil :
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood :
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay :
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.



E bless our Saviour's name,
Our sins are all forgiven;
To suffer once to earth He came,
And now He's crown'd in heaven.

His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin;
Rememb'ring this we break the bread,
And, joyful, drink the wine.

While we remember Thee,
Lord! in our midst appear;
Let each by faith Thy body see,
While we assemble here.

We never would forget
Thy rich, Thy precious love,
Our theme of joy and wonder here,
Our endless song above!

Oh! let Thy love constrain
Our souls to cleave to Thee,
And ever in our hearts remain,
That word, "Remember Me."

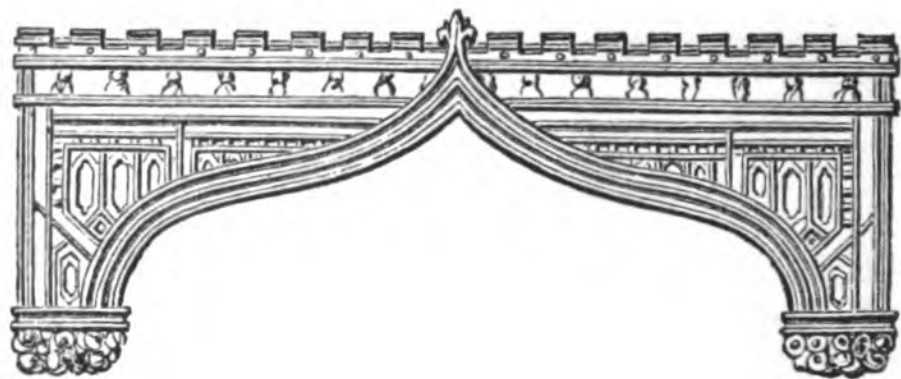


THIS finished all—our souls to win,
His life, the blessed Jesus gave,
Then rising, left His people's sin
Behind Him in His opening grave.

Past suffering now, the tender heart
Of Jesus, on His Father's throne,
Still in *our* sorrow bears a part,
And feels it as He felt His own.

Sweet thought! we have a friend above,
Our weary, faltering steps to guide;
Who follows with the eye of love,
The little flock for whom He died.

O Jesus! teach us more and more,
On Thee alone to cast our care;
And gazing on Thy cross, adore
The wondrous grace that brought Thee there.



The Restoring Power of the Cross.

“PRONE to leave the God I love,” is the character every Christian will give of his own heart. Strange that the lost sheep, rescued from the perils with which it had surrounded itself, should again forsake the green pastures, and still waters, and secure keeping, of the strong and tender shepherd, to rush back to the wilderness and the wolves. But so it ever is ! Again and again must the shepherd track its devious course, slay its watchful wily foes, heal its wounds, refresh it in its weakness, and bear it back on his shoulder rejoicing. Blessed be God, ours is a good Shepherd, who wearies not in His self-imposed toils ; who having loved His own who are in the world, loves them to the end ; who will not let one, even the least, the weakest of His lambs be lost, who not only gives them eternal life, but engages on His own security that they shall never perish !

And how is it, beloved reader, that Jesus is able to fulfil this engagement on behalf of such weak and wan-

dering sheep as we are? Surely nothing is more possible, nothing more likely, than that sinners, though converted by the cross, should, under the tremendous pressure of threefold temptation from the world, the flesh, and the devil, return to their sins, as the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire, and so utterly perish in their own corruption at last? No, dear reader, nothing is more certain than that this would be our fate if we were left to choose our own course, and to follow it! *If* Christ had introduced us to His flock, and then left it to us to stay there; *if* He had given us life that was not eternal, and left the sustainment of that life in our own hands; *if* He had begun a good work in us, and then confided to us its completion; *if*, though He loved us sufficiently when in our sins to give His life for us, He did not love us enough to afford us the grace needful to keep us to the end; or if He were destitute of the power to deliver us from all the snares and dangers of the way, then indeed our eternal perdition were certain! But such is not the case, and our eternal life is secure! He who has resolved on our final and complete salvation has also resolved on the means by which it shall be accomplished. The Christian may confidently say with the Psalmist, "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever," because he can add, "HE RESTORETH MY SOUL," and will restore it, from all its backslidings, even to the end. And the Lord does *this* by the cross, by THE GRACE OF CALVARY. That which converted can alone restore; that "lifted up" Saviour who first drew

the sinner to Himself, alone can draw the wanderer back ! It was *grace* which brought salvation, and grace must bring restoration too, and both by the cross.

Does any backsliding believer glance over these pages ? Ah, dear reader, there are different degrees of backsliding ; so do not hastily say, "I am not in such a condition." From Ephesian cold-heartedness, where, though works, labour, patience, intolerance of evil, and great perseverance remained, first love was absent ; down through a thousand deepening shades, to open sin such as David's, or blasphemous denial such as Peter's, backsliding exists among the children of God. Who of us can say we are free from it ? How many must confess, on the contrary, that they have wandered far from the Shepherd's side, and lost themselves in the dreary deserts of worldliness and sin ?

Beloved reader, are you one of these ? Fear not to let the question probe your heart, your life ; hide it not from yourself if you are ! far better is it to be aware of your real state than to deceive yourself about it. O remember God's word, "the backslider in *heart* shall be filled with his own ways." "They who sow to the flesh *shall* of the flesh reap corruption." "It is *an evil and bitter thing* to depart from the Lord." He must "scourge" and "chasten" those who wander, that they may "not be condemned with the world." Ah, dear Christian reader, why leave the Lord ? why cease to love and serve Him ? Has He lost His claim on you ? Why be faithless to Him ; has He proved Himself so to

you? Why love the world which crucified your kindest, truest friend? Why commit again the sins which covered His face with shame, and burdened His soul to death? O backsliding Christian, what hast thou done? But does the Lord reproach thee? Nay! In silence He suffers for this thy sin! He suffers, that thou mayest never suffer, all its punishment! O that uncomplaining, unrepublishing love! The love that endureth all things and inflicteth nothing; the love whose sharpest weapons are its tears; the love that bears the stripes our sins have earned; and when we reward it, by sinning afresh, looks at us in silent anguish, saying by that tender beseeching glance, "I forgive thee; sin no more!"



The Restoring Power of the Cross.



HALL I GO ON IN SIN? A voice replies,
Go gaze again upon the weeping eyes
Of the Great Sufferer! The answer lies
There, in His streaming tears and
bitter sighs!

SHALL I GO ON IN SIN? The voice replies,
Go look once more upon the miseries
Of the Great Sufferer! And let His cries
RING FORTH THE ANSWER, as He groans and
dies?

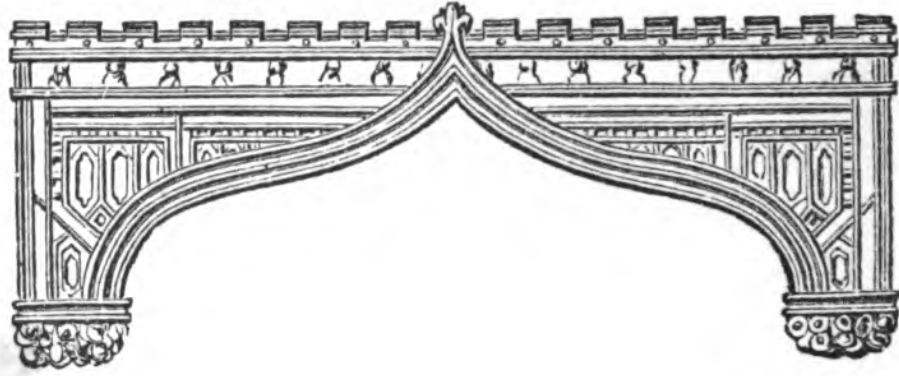




THOU who wast exceeding sorrowful,
E'en unto death ;
Whose grace beyond expression plentiful,
Still pardoneth ;

Through the atoning anguish of Thy soul,
Thy sorrows sore,
O pardon this my sin, that I, made whole,
May sin no more.





The Constraining Power of the Cross.

“For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them and rose again.” (2 Cor. v, 14, 15.)

WE are all familiar with the mighty power of affection; the power of a master passion to mould the life, for experience continually exemplifies it. A man loves *money*, avarice is his ruling passion, what will he not sacrifice to indulge it! Ease and health, peace and pleasure, self-respect and the esteem of others; body and soul too, oftentimes; witness Balaam and Judas of old, and thousands of mammon-worshippers in our own day. Or a man sets his heart on *pleasure*; then instead of seeking wealth with untiring eagerness, he will squander it freely enough, together with health, and time, and talents; all he has, all he is, to secure his

fancied self-gratification ; he becomes a voluntary slave to the pursuit of a phantom. So with every other object of desire, and so most emphatically with love to a fellow-creature. Let the heart be once given to another in true and fond affection, and we are no longer what we were : the character of another influences us, the will of another sways us, the welfare of another concerns us, even more deeply perhaps than our own ; the pleasure of another pleases us, the sorrow of another pains us, and the glory of another gratifies and satisfies us. We live no longer *to* ourselves ; no longer *in* and *for* ourselves, but to *another*, in and for *another* ; **THE ONE WE LOVE**. The stronger this affection for a fellow-creature, the more complete of course its supremacy over the life.

Now if as Christians we desire to be thus devoted to **CHRIST**, absorbed in Him, weaned from the world, and self, and every idol, to serve and live for Him alone, how can we get the desire fulfilled ? We are conscious of strong resistance in our own bosoms, conscious of an ever-present and almost unconquerable instinct of selfishness, which impels us in the opposite direction ; of a perpetual and vehement inclination to live to ourselves ; and we are besides imbued with a deep-seated impression that we are our own, and have therefore a right so to live ; in fact we are *naturally* more in love with ourselves than with any body or any thing else, and this self-love securely holds the citadel of the heart, like a strong man armed. Alas for us ! who, what can dislodge

it thence? Nothing, nothing but that principle which alone is stronger than selfishness—LOVE; love to Jesus! Hence the constraining power of the cross; the self-denying, self-sacrificing love of Christ to us, revealed there, once clearly seen, and deeply believed in, we LOVE the blessed sufferer in return; for love always produces and compels responsive affection.

If human attractions can awaken in the heart a principle superior in strength to pure selfishness, much more the divine attractions of the cross! The surpassing love of a Saviour crucified, needs but to be thoroughly realized and appropriated, to assert its power completely to subdue natural self-love, and to replace it with the love of Christ! It captivates the soul, and compels the pardoned sinner to live henceforth, not to himself, but to Him who “died for him and rose again.” Take Paul as a proof of this: how *that man lived to Christ!* read his own description of his daily life,* and say was ever such self-denial, such zeal, such devotedness? “Whether we live, we *live unto the Lord*, or whether we die, we *die unto the Lord*; whether living or dying *we are the Lord’s*.” “To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” The life he led could be produced only by sincere and intense *love to Christ*: and that love could be created and sustained only by a strong yet simple faith in the love of Christ to him, manifested in the death of Christ for him. For the love of Christ con-

* 1 Cor. iv, 9; 2 Cor. vi, 4; xi, 23.

strains only as it is believed in ; the cause of our little devotedness, is our little love to Jesus, and that again is produced by our little faith in His love to us ; our little comprehension of the cross !

Christian brother or sister, behold Him die for you—behold Him made sin, made a curse for you ; and then hear Him ask you, *not* to suffer thus for Him—No ! He would be and He was *alone* in the endurance of your wrath and condemnation, but to live in peace and joy of heart, a life of loving service to Him who bore the bitterness of death for you ! To live not to yourself, your sinful self, who brought this anguish on One who truly and intensely loved you, but to Him who loved you in spite of your sin, and who, in order to win your worthless love, and prove His own unspeakable affection, GAVE HIMSELF FOR YOU. Can you refuse to give yourself to Him ?



The Constraining Power of the Cross.



LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I.

(Thy body slain, sweet Jesus Thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine
The glorious sufferer stood !)

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin,

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.





HIM on yonder cross I love,
Nought beside on earth count dear !
May He mine for ever prove,
Who is now so inly near !

Here I stand whate'er may come,
Days of sunshine or of gloom,
From this word I will not move,
Him upon the cross I love !

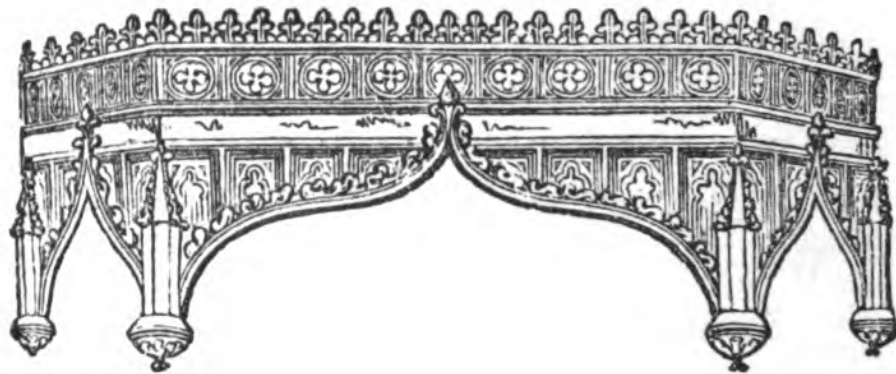
'Tis not hidden from my heart,
What true love must often bring ;
Want and grief have sorest smart,
Care and scorn can sharply sting ;
Nay, but if Thy will were such,
Bitterest death were not too much !
Dark though here my course may prove,
Him upon the cross I love !

Rather sorrows such as these,
Rather love's acutest pain,
Than without Him days of ease,
Riches false and honour vain.
Count me strange, when I am true,
What He hates I will not do ;
Sneers no more my heart can move,
Him upon the cross I love ;

Know ye whence my strength is drawn,
Fearless thus the fight to wage?
Why my heart can laugh to scorn,
Fleshly weakness, Satan's rage?
'Tis I know the love of Christ,
Mighty is that love unpriced!
What can grieve me, what can move?
Him upon the cross I love!

Once the eyes that now are dim,
Shall discern the changeless love,
That hath led us home to Him,
That hath crowned us far above:
Would to God that all below
What that love is now might know,
And their hearts this word approve,
Him upon the cross I love!





The Sanctifying Power of the Cross.

WE have already dwelt on the justifying power of the cross of Christ ; our sins and all their dues were borne by Him “in His own body on the tree,” and to those who believe in Him, God does not impute sin, but imputes righteousness, the righteousness of Him who for their sakes “became obedient unto death,”

But the cross has also a sanctifying power, otherwise it could never bring salvation. A sinner justified, but not sanctified, would be utterly unfit for fellowship with God, unmeet for the “inheritance of the saints in light.” But as for God, His ways are perfect, His work lacks no finishing touch. The cross sanctifies, as well as justifies.

That this truth may be clearly seen, let us consider for a moment *what sanctification is*. It is primarily *separation to God*. All things wholly separated from ordinary uses, and dedicated to God, may be spoken of as sanctified (the expression is used with reference to the vessels of the tabernacle, and a thousand things

besides in Scripture). And a little thought will show that the Christian is thus separated unto God, or sanctified, and that the grand instrument which effects this separation is the cross. There is nothing which divides like death, nought which so widely, deeply sunders ; the cross is death, the death of deaths ! It is the death of the noblest being who ever breathed the breath of human life ; it is the death of the incarnate Son of God, and of every believer with Him. And that death, where does it lie relatively to the Christian ? Between him and God, for ever separating him by an impassible flood from the holy Jehovah ? No ! but on the other side,—between him and sin, between him and earth, between him and law, between him and judgment, between him and Satan, between him and hell ! It was a death endured *for him* ; endured because of his very connection with these ; endured with the express intention of separating him from them all, and that blessed object it has effected. We *are* separated from sin, earth, law, judgment, Satan, hell. We are separated from them each and all, by the crucifixion of Christ in our stead, and we are by it brought near and dedicated unto God.

But the cross has done more for us ; it has not only altered our relative position to all these things, but it has effected a change in our very nature. It is the means of the death of our old nature, and of the life of our new.

First, as to our old nature : it dies ; by what ? by

crucifixion. It was crucified, together with Christ, in the eye of God, eighteen hundred years ago ; and in God's sight, when Christ died, it died. As a matter of fact, it still exists ; but it exists as a malefactor nailed to a tree exists, while the death-dew gathers on his brow, and his fainting frame trembles in the inexorable grasp of dissolution. " Knowing this, that our old man *is crucified* with him, that the body of sin *might be destroyed.*" Let us rejoice in its inevitable destruction, and let us practically deliver it, day by day, to its doom. With the last breath we draw in this world, its existence, together with that of " this vile body," shall terminate for ever !

Secondly, as to our new nature. It was, if I may so speak, born from the dead, in the eye of God, when Jesus was quickened in the grave, and raised from the tomb, in the form of glory and the life of immortality.

As Christ who bore our sins was just, righteousness, (when He had finished the atoning work,) raised Him from the dead. His resurrection was the necessary consequence of His sinlessness ; so in this. As we through Christ crucified have been freed from the imputation of sin, righteousness raises us to newness of life. It did so, in God's sight, when it raised Christ ; and it did so practically, as to our souls, when it quickened us in regeneration, and made us new creatures in Christ Jesus ; and it will do so manifestly, as to our bodies also, when " the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible." Thus as the means both of

the death of our old, our Adam nature, and of the life of our new nature, Christ crucified is the power of God to our sanctification.

One blessed truth remains to be noticed. Not only does the cross separate us to God and secure the renewal of our nature, but it is, by the daily influence of the cross on the nature thus renewed, that the life grows into practical conformity to Christ. Thus the cross sanctifies our very walk in the world. It crucifies, both the world to us, and us to it. Let us wear it, then, as a seal upon our hearts, and a sign upon our foreheads. Ever before us, let us keep the Saviour crucified. Let us continually live and move in the sanctifying presence of His anguish for our sin, and of the outgushing, in that anguish, of the love of God, which passeth knowledge !



The Sanctifying Power of the Cross.



WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my heart, my life, my all.





LORD, Thy death and passion give
Strength and comfort at my need ;
Every hour while here I live,
On Thy love my soul shall feed ;
Doth some evil thought upstart ?
Lo, Thy cross defends my heart,
Shows the peril, and I shrink
Back from loitering on the brink.

Doth my carnal nature yearn
After wanton joys ? Again,
Quickly to Thy cross I turn,
And her voice is heard in vain.
Cometh strong temptation's hour,
When my foe puts forth his power ?
Shelter'd by this holy shield,
Soon I drive him from the field.

Would the world my steps entice
To yon wide and level road,
Fill'd with mirth and pleasant vice ?
Lord, I think upon the load
Thou didst once for me endure,
And I fly all thoughts impure ;
Thinking on Thy bitter pains,
Hush'd in prayer my heart remains.

Yes, Thy cross hath power to heal
All the wounds of sin and strife;
Lost in Thee my heart doth feel
Sudden warmth and nobler life.
In my saddest, darkest, grief,
Let Thy sweetness bring relief,
Thou who camest but to save,
Thou who fearedst not the grave!

Lord, in Thee I place my trust,
Thou art my defence and tower
Death Thou treadest in the dust,
O'er my soul he hath no power.
That I may have part in Thee,
Help and save and comfort me,
Give me of Thy grace and might,
Resurrection, life, and light.

Fount of good within me dwell,
For the peace Thy presence sheds
Keeps us safe in conflict fell,
Charms the pain from dying beds.
Hide me close within Thine arm,
Where no foe can hurt or harm;
Whoso, Lord, in Thee doth rest,
He hath conquered, he is blest.



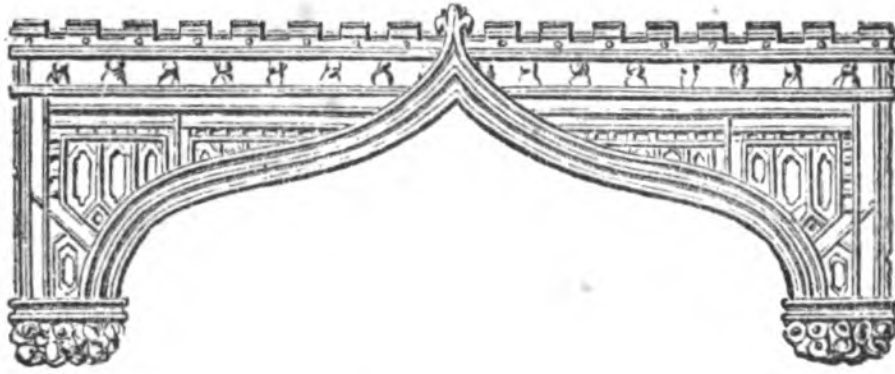
LORD Jesus, when we stand afar
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee and scorn of self,
Oh ! may we count the world as loss.

When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin,
That lay so heavy on our God.

Oh holy Lord ! uplifted high
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below.

Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see ;
And by the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee !





The Death-destroying Power of the Cross.

“The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.”

(1 Cor. xv, 26.)

By weakness and defeat
He won the glorious crown,
Trod all our foes beneath His feet
By being trodden down.

He hell in hell laid low,
Made sin He sin o'erthrew,
Bowed to the grave, destroyed it so,
AND DEATH BY DYING SLEW.

DEATH'S triumph, but death's destruction; Satan's victory, but Satan's overthrow; the cross of Christ *was* not what it seemed, and *seemed* not what it was! He was crucified in weakness, but that weakness was the very power of God unto salvation; “the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is

stronger than men." He chooses weak things to confound the mighty, and He did so pre-eminently in the cross. When Jesus gave up the ghost and died, death deemed he had grasped a glorious prey: and so in truth he had; a prey all too glorious to be held!

The grave, with its inexorable rigour, might close over the passive form of the crucified; Satan might triumphantly boast that he had bruised Immanuel's heel; hell might rejoice to see the sinners' Saviour sink under the load of sin; and they who had believed in Him might despairingly sigh, "we *trusted* it had been He who should have delivered;" all might seem to be over, and the last hope of the lost to be disappointed; but O, *it was not so!* The battle had been fought, the conflict was past, and there was a pause; but on *which side was victory?* The vanquished were for a moment deceived; but the shout of joy which welcomed the risen victor as He ascended up on high, leading captivity captive, speedily dispelled the delusion.

The unopened sepulchre loses its tenant; without a struggle death's captive delivers Himself, like Samson from Delilah's web; the grave has nothing but a shroud to glory in; the strong man's house is rifled by a stronger than he! Satan's deadliest shaft has been tried and proved powerless, the serpent's head is crushed! "By death he destroyed him that had the power of death, and delivered them, who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Death is strong, but it was not possible HE should be holden of it; its power

is over sinners, and He was the holy one of God ; for the sins He bore He had atoned, and more than atoned, by dying ; He had “by himself purged our sins,” He had made “an end of sin,” He had “put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.” HIMSELF ! Who can estimate aright that sacrifice ? Who can conceive what that word contains and expresses ? Greatness so infinite, worth so unspeakable, that even the removal of sin was for it a light task ! A lever that could move the world would more than suffice for a minor weight ! Sin was gone, and the sin-bearer free ; death’s dominion had been owned to its full extent, but the sinless did not come under it. Jesus rose the Almighty Saviour of sinners, and lo ! death hath no more dominion over those whose sins He bore ! In proof of this, “The graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.”

And for us too, dear believer, the grave has lost its victory ; for death has lost its sting ! That sting consisted in this, that *death is the wages of sin* : death is the expression of God’s wrath against the sinner ; death is, in a word, THE CURSE. “The sting of death is sin.” But the believer’s sin is put away, forgiven, and forgotten ; for him there is no wrath, no curse, for his Saviour has borne them both ; he is “accepted in the beloved” instead ; he lives in the sunshine of God’s favour on earth, he falls asleep in God’s favour at death, only to awake therein and abide therein all through the

ages to come! Sin no longer imputed to him, but righteousness imputed in its stead. What *sting* has death? None; it is a harmless foe, or rather it is a helpful friend!

“Be hushed my sad spirit, the worst that can come,
But shorten thy journey and hasten thee home.”

It can but usher us into the presence of Him who “liveth and was dead,” but is now “alive for evermore,” and hath the keys of death and hell; it can but send us to the presence of Christ; it can but launch us into Paradise.

At home in the body we are absent from the Lord, but absent from it we shall be at home with Him for evermore; this is the difference, and the only difference worth speaking of, that death can make, and to depart and be with Christ is far better.

Beloved reader, do you shrink from the hour of death, do you dread the tomb? Why, O why? For a believer in Jesus death has no terrors; and *the fear of death*, that shadow that will suddenly darken earth’s brightest sunshine, that spectre that haunts the savage and the civilized alike, that appals the stoutest soul, and blanches the boldest lip; that fear of death, which no philosophy can remove, and no levity altogether allay; which grows with our growth, and gains strength as we lose it; that fear of death which keeps men all their lifetime *subject to bondage*, should for a Christian be gone! It should

vanish like snow in summer, in the light of the death and resurrection of Jesus. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." So spake "the resurrection and the life," whose words can never pass away. Believest thou this, dear reader? Then rejoice in the Lord alway, and sing with triumph, "O grave, where is thy victory; O death, where is thy sting?"

But the cross, which changes the character of death to the believer, and renders it a mere sleeping in Jesus instead, does more: IT DESTROYS DEATH ITSELF. This is the crowning result of Calvary's weakness and woe; "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Jesus died *in our stead*, and then *arose*: therefore *we* are no longer subject to death; sin alone enabled it to dominate over us; sin is put away, and with it death's dominion; the sinless must needs rise, the grave cannot claim such.

Christ is risen, the first-fruits of them that slept, the vast harvest must follow. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive, every man in his own order, Christ the first-fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at his coming." Realize, dear Christian reader, this necessary and glorious sequence; as surely as by nature you are linked with Adam in death, so surely by grace you are linked with Christ in life everlasting. *You must rise*, for Christ is risen and you are His; you are in Him, He is your head, you are a member of His body.

You must rise, for the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead already dwells in you : you are quickened from the dead even now, in spirit, it only remains for your mortal body to be quickened ; it remains for you to see Christ as He is, and to be like Him.

“If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him ; the dead in Christ shall rise first ; then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up, together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord.” In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, shall this miracle of miracles be ! Stupendous, overwhelming, surpassing proof, of the power and love of God ! A single resurrection is so great a marvel that some men refuse to believe it a possibility ; think of myriad resurrections in a moment, and resurrections after such a sort ! What bodies of humiliation we consign to the tomb ; what forms of glory it will restore to us ! The image of the earthy, gone ; the image of the heavenly, come ! Corruption is consumed of incorruption, dishonour disappears in glory ; weakness expires in power ; the natural vanishes in the spiritual ; mortality is swallowed up in LIFE, and (like a wretched wreck engulfed in the fathomless abyss of ocean) DEATH IN VICTORY. Can we help exclaiming, Thanks be unto God who giveth *us* the victory, THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST !

The Death-destroying Power of the Cross.



REST in Christ, the Son of God,
Who took the servant's form ;
By faith I flee to Jesus' cross,
My covert from the storm.

At peace with God, no ills I dread,
The cup of blessing mine ;
The Lord is risen !—His precious blood
Is new and living wine.

Jesus put all my sins away,
When bruised to make me whole ;
Who shall accuse, or who condemn,
My blameless, ransomed soul.

Oh ! thou destroyer, see the blood
That makes the guilty clean ;
No prey of thine, the soul on which
This token once is seen.



He dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the
ground.

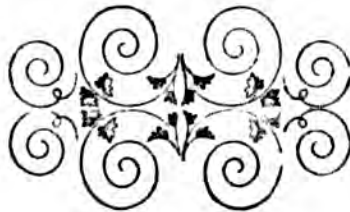
Come saints and drop a tear or two
For Him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

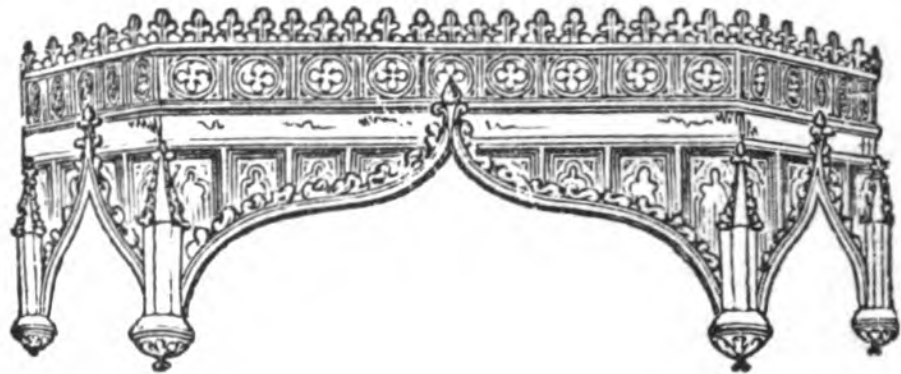
Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
The tomb in vain forbids His rise;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies!

Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns;
Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

Say, “ Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save ; ”
Then ask the monster, “ Where’s thy sting ? ”
And, “ Where’s thy victory, boasting grave ? ”





The Individual Appropriation of the Cross.

“He shall put his hand on the head of the offering, and it shall be accepted for him, to make atonement for him.”

“Christ loved me and gave himself for me,” (instead of me.)

AN Israelite of old might have been conscious of sin and guilt, and aware of God's institution of sacrifice to put them away; but his *knowledge* would not cleanse him. He might have complied with the law of God so far as to select a spotless victim for a sin-offering, and to take it to the door of the tabernacle of the congregation; but such obedience would make no atonement for his soul. He might have put to death not one bullock or lamb, but a thousand, and still failed to obtain the remission of his sin, if he refused to comply with the Divine direction, which made him in figure *one with the offering*, and transferring *his* guilt to *its* head, made *its* blood-shedding available for *his* pardon. “He shall put

his hand upon the head of his offering, and it shall be accepted for him to make atonement for him." Without this imposition of hands, all the rest would have been of no avail.

This was God's ordinance ; and it is written for our instruction, to teach us the solemn lesson, that though Christ the Just, the Sinless One, has died on the cross for the unjust and sinful, and though His blood cleanses from all sin, and perfects for ever those who trust in Him, and though we may know this and *profess* to believe it, yet *all is of no avail*, as regards the salvation of any individual soul, without *real, personal faith* to connect that soul with the Saviour—to link the offerer and the victim—to identify the sinner and the substitute.

Oh, dear reader, have you this faith ? Have you laid *your* hand on the head of the spotless victim, and presented His life before God as an offering for *your* sin ? If not, the cross is nothing to you ! With all its love and all its woe—with all its mysteries of substitution, atonement, and reconciliation—with its fulness of power to convert the heart, to give life and peace, and to restore, support, and sanctify the soul—it is still nothing to you ! You hear of it, you speak of it, you think of it, but you *feel* it not. To you it is as though it had never been, as though it were but a tale that is told, a common historical fact.

Oh, reader, it is a faithful saying that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Why will

you not *accept* it, *believe* it in reality and truth, and be saved by Him? Oh, let

“Your soul look back to see
The burden He did bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And say, ‘*My* guilt was there.’
By faith I lay *my* hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand.
And there confess my sin.
Believing, I rejoice
To see the curse remove;
I bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His dying love.”

There is another aspect of this subject—the individual appropriation of the cross *by the Christian*. Paul says, (Gal. ii, 20,) “Christ loved me and gave himself for me.” The words present a glorious truth, too feebly realized by most Christians for their own peace and joy. The truth that *Christ loves believers individually*—that He loves *each* of His people with an eternal, infinite, unchangeable personal affection, and that He gave Himself as a substitute for His people *individually*—that is, instead of *each one* of them. This statement is not in opposition to other statements, but their complement. He loved sinners; He died for the ungodly; “He loved the church, and gave himself for it”—all are equally true; but the broad and more general aspects of His

love, and of the sacrifice to which it led, are too often allowed to exclude the more special and personal one. The full sweetness of being loved by Jesus, and the full comfort and peace of knowing Him as a substitute, are lost in consequence.

Scripture elsewhere asserts that Christ loves individuals. "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus ;" "He calleth his own sheep by name ;" "The disciple whom Jesus loved," and other passages, prove it. And yet we find it hard to *think that He loves us as individuals* with such an affection as to give Himself to death for our sakes. Whence this difficulty? Trace it to its source, dear reader, and you will find it springs from *unbelief*. "Christ love *me* in particular, and die for me as an individual? Impossible! I am not worthy!" That is want of faith in the *free and perfect grace* of the Lord Jesus Christ; He died for the *ungodly*, He loved the lost. If we were *worthy*, that indeed would be a proof He had never died for us; but our *unworthiness* never can be!

Again, "How can I know He loved *me*, and died for *me*. Paul, and John, and Martha, and Mary had seen and heard Him, and received proofs of His love: He knew them, and they knew Him. It would be a very different case if He were here, but it is long since He dwelt among men—He is infinitely distant now." Ah, beloved reader, if you feel so much of a stranger to Christ as this, it must be owing to want of habitual and intimate *communion* with Him; and that, again, must

be owing to want of faith in His continual presence with you,—in His own promise, “I will love him, and manifest myself unto him. My Father will love him, we will come to him, and make our abode with him.” Does he intend His friendship to be unfelt, His indwelling to be unknown? No, no! “At that day ye shall *know* that I am in my Father, *and ye in me and I in you.*” Surely *we* should be as intimate with an indwelling Saviour as were Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus with an occasional guest? Unbelief feels as if He were absent, far off, intangible; but to faith He is ever present, ever near, a most real and precious friend and companion, whose personal love makes itself felt too plainly to be doubted.

Again, “I am but *one* in a multitude no man can number; one drop in an ocean; one star in a galaxy. How can I flatter myself to have been distinguished by a special love, or made the special object of a ransom which avails for many?” This is unbelief in the infinity of God, or in the divinity of Christ, one or other; it is making our capacity the standard of His! Is anything too hard for the Lord? Are not the very hairs of each of His people numbered? Dear Christian reader, silence all such objections; quench such fiery darts of the wicked one; take to you the shield of faith, and say, “Unworthy as I am, difficult as it is to prove it to others, unlikely, impossible as it *seems*, yet I know CHRIST LOVES ME.” Then, remembering that love leads to the communication of good, according to the *greatness*

of the love, the resources of the lover, and the need of the object ; and knowing Christ's love to be infinite, His resources infinite, and your need beyond description vast and endless, you will feel no incredulity concerning the immense gift *bestowed on you*, but be able to add with joy and confidence, "HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME !" Oh, wondrous ransom ! how thoroughly *I must be* redeemed ! Oh, righteous substitute ! how completely *I must be* justified ! Oh, peerless, priceless, unmeasurable gift ! how *truly* Christ must love me !



The Individual Appropriation of the Cross.



FT would I turn aside
From all things else, to see
Yon pure and living tide
Roll down on Calvary—
Roll down for me!

For, O, though strange it seems,
'Tis true, 'tis passing sweet,
That these life-giving streams,
Flow from His hands, His feet—
Flow down for me!

Mine were the cruel hands
Which nailed Him to the tree;
Yet O the thought—He dies—
Love's deepest mystery—
He dies for me!

It is for me He bleeds,
All hateful though I be;
He bows His sacred head
In shame and agony—
For me, *for me!*

Cross of my dying Lord!
I bow, I yield to thee;
O the *o'erwhelming* word,
“He gave Himself for me,”
He died for me!

Cross of my dying Lord!
I cling, I cleave to thee;
Living by that one word—
“He gave Himself for me,”
Christ died for me!





THE Son of God in mighty love,
Came down to Bethlehem for me ;
Forsook His throne of light above,
An infant upon earth to be.

In love, the Father's sinless child
Sojourn'd at Nazareth for me ;
With sinners dwelt the Undeiled,
The Holy One in Galilee.

Jesus, whom angel-hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me ;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through Him enrich'd might be.

Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me ;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

The ever-blessèd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me ;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.

Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me ;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

In love the whole dark path He trod,
To consecrate a way for me ;
Each bitter footstep mark'd with blood,
From Bethlehem to Calvary.

'Tis finish'd all :—the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free ;—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee !





CHRIST, what burdens bow'd Thy
head!

Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—
Barest all my ill for me:
A victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in our cup—
O CHRIST, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drain'd the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup—love drank it up;
Now blessings' draught for me.

The Father lifted up His rod—
O CHRIST, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood beneath it flow'd:
Thy bruising healeth me.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O CHRIST, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward:

It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarr'd—Thy visage marr'd;
Now cloudless peace for me.

A flame was kindled in God's ire—
O CHRIST, it burn'd on Thee!
It was a hot, consuming fire,
E'en in the fair green tree;
There did that fire feed and expire:
Now it is quench'd for me.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O CHRIST, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make:
Now sleeps that sword for me.

The Holy One did hide His face—
O CHRIST, 'twas hid from Thee!
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space—
The darkness due to me.
But now that face of radiant grace
Shines forth in light on me.

For me, LORD JESUS, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee ;
Thou'rt risen : my bands are all untied ;
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy GLORY then for me !



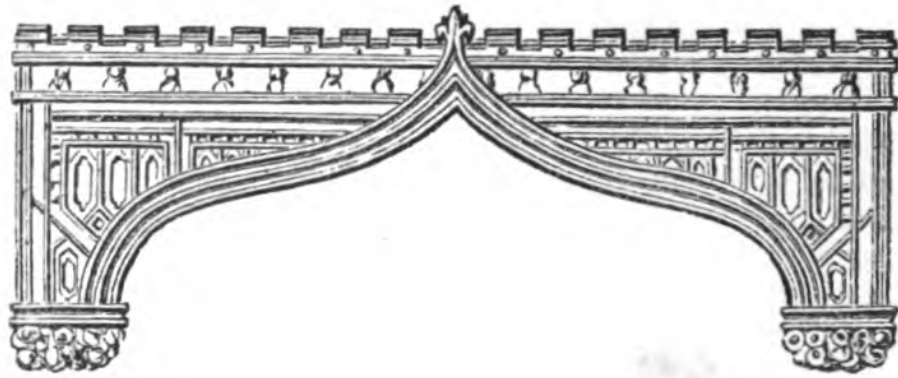


RACIOUS Lord! my heart is fixèd,
Sing I will, and sing of Thee,
Since the cup that justice mixèd,
Thou hast drank, and drank for me :
Great Deliverer !
Thou hast set the prisoner free.

Many were the chains that bound me,
But the Lord has loosed them all ;
Arms of mercy now surround me—
Mercy inexhaustible :
Saviour, keep me !
Keep thy servant lest he fall.

Fair the scene that lies before me ;
Life eternal Jesus gives ;
While He waves His banner o'er me,
Peace and joy my soul receives ;
Sure His promise !
I shall live, because He lives.

When the world would bid me leave Thee,
Telling me of shame and loss ;
Saviour, guard me, lest I grieve Thee—
Lest I cease to love Thy cross.
This is treasure !
All the rest I count but dross.



The Cross the Sinner's Rest.

SURELY it was in anticipation of Calvary that Jesus uttered that beautiful and world-wide invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" Many of His most memorable sayings were spoken thus, as if from beyond the cross, in resurrection. His hour was not yet come, but it was coming, nearer and nearer; and as it neared He realized more and more the sufferings that awaited Him, and the glories that should follow. Bright among the latter shone the glory of saving, by and through it, multitudes of the lost; of giving rest by its means to weary and heavy laden ones, without number! He who bore the cross knew how perfectly it would avail for this end, and so with all confidence He held forth the precious promise, "*I will give you rest.*" And well has He fulfilled it! Ask each weary and heavy-laden one who has ever brought his burdens of sin and guilt to Christ crucified, has He kept His word? From the poor

penitent who suffered at His side, on the day when He was "lifted up," to draw all men to Him, through the countless succession of supplicants for pardon, and seekers for peace who have followed in His train, down to the latest convert of the cross, with one voice they reply, *of a truth He has!* Ask the multitude which no man can number, assembled around the throne on high, what they have attained as the full purchase of the blood *He* shed that *their* robes might be made whiter than snow, and will they not say "*rest, rest, rest,*"—rest in a sweet, a glorious sense, of which you have no conception!

Beloved reader, does your soul enjoy rest in the cross of Christ? If you have not found it there, you have never found it, for soul-rest in the things of the world there is none! Can the child feel at rest while cowering under a father's merited frown; or a faithless servant detected in his fault? No! a sense of guilt and restlessness are inseparable companions, twin daughters of unforgiven sin. Can a helpless lamb rest within sound of the lion's roar, or a criminal while awaiting his sentence, or a convict expecting the gallows? No! fear is a mortal enemy to all repose. And you, dear reader, if unconverted, are just such! Consciously guilty, and consciously exposed to the just and terrible judgment of God, *can you rest in heart?* Impossible! O, dear weary and heavy-laden one, come to Calvary! Rest even for you, perfect rest, is to be found there! There you shall see a Saviour slain; that Saviour the eternal

God, yet a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." There you shall see Him "made sin" for you, that you might be made "the righteousness of God in him." There, in an humbled, judged, and crucified substitute you may rest! From those who trust in Him, who are seen in Him, the Father's frown is gone! On such His smile is beaming! Their sins and iniquities are blotted out by blood, and remembered no more for ever! They rest! Dear reader, He is still inviting you in the words, "Come unto me and I will give *you* rest!" Will you not reply—

Rest for the weary, rest?
For this, dear Lord, to Thee
I gladly come, too long oppressed,
By guilt and misery.

Rest for the weary, rest,
'Tis mine! for I can say,
Far as the east is from the west
My sins are put away.



The Cross the Sinner's Rest.



CROWNED with thorns upon the tree,
Silent in Thine agony ;
Dying crushed beneath the load,
Of the wrath and curse of God :

On Thy pale and suffering brow,
Mystery of love and woe,
On Thy grief and sore amaze,
Jesus, I would fix my gaze.

I am weary of my sin,
Weary of the strife within ;
Weary of the world's false ways,
Weary of its vanities.

On thy pierced and bleeding breast
Thou dost bid the weary rest ;
Rest them from the world's false ways,
Rest them from its vanities.

Rest in pardon and relief,
From the load of guilt and grief;
Rest in Thy redeeming blood,
Rest in perfect peace with God.

Sin-atoning sacrifice,
Thou art precious in my eyes;
Thou alone my rest shall be
Now and through eternity





Is it not strange, the darkest hour
That ever dawned on sinful earth,
Should touch the heart with softer
power

For comfort than an angel's mirth?
That to the cross the mourner's eye should turn
Sooner than where the stars of Christmas burn?

Sooner than where the eastern sun
Shines glorious on yon open grave,
And to and fro the tidings run,
"Who died to heal is ris'n to save!"
Sooner than where upon the Saviour's friends
The very comforter in light and love descends!

Yes, so it is, for duly there
The bitter herbs of earth are set,
Till tempered by the Saviour's prayer,
And with the Saviour's life-blood wet,
They turn to sweetness, and drop holy balm,
Soft as imprison'd martyrs' death-bed calm.

All turn to sweet—but most of all
That, bitterest to the lip of pride,
When hopes presumptuous fade and fall,
Or friendship scorns us, duly tried,

Or love, the flower that closes up for fear,
When rude and selfish spirits breathe too near.

Then like a long-forgotten strain
Comes sweeping o'er the heart forlorn,
What sunshine hours had taught in vain,
Of Jesus suffering shame and scorn,
As in all lowly hearts He suffers still,
While we triumphant ride and have the world at
will.

His pierced hands in vain would hide
His face from rude reproachful gaze ;
His ears are open to abide
The wildest storm the tongue can raise ;
He who with one rough word, some early day,
Their idol world and them shall sweep for aye
away.

But we by Fancy may assuage
The festering sore by Fancy made,
Down in some lonely hermitage,
Like wounded pilgrims safely laid,
Where gentlest breezes whisper souls distress'd,
That love yet lives, and Patience shall find rest.

O ! shame beyond the bitterest thought
That evil spirit ever fram'd,
That sinners know what Jesus wrought,
Yet feel their haughty hearts untam'd—
That souls in refuge, holding by the cross,
Should wince and fret at this world's little loss.

Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
Let not Thy blood on earth be spent—
Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie,
Mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent;
Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
Wait like the parchèd earth on April skies.

Wash me, and dry these bitter tears,
O let my heart no further roam,
'Tis Thine by vows, and hopes, and fears,
Long since—O call Thy wanderer home;
To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame
may hide.





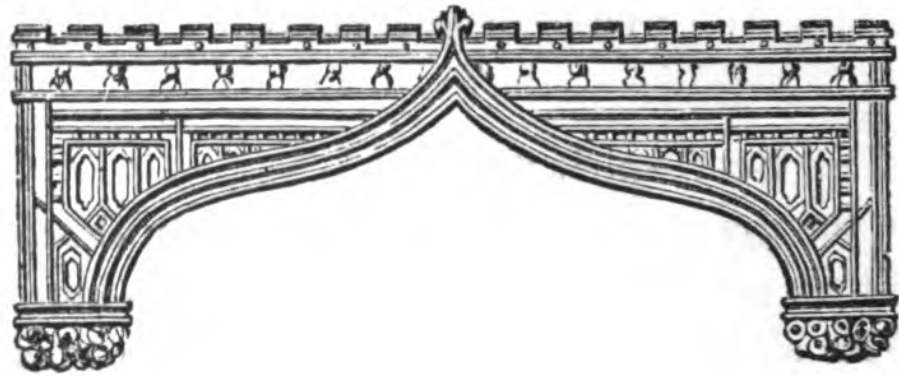
REST, weary soul,
The penalty is borne, the ransom paid,
For all thy sins full satisfaction made ;
Strive not thyself to do what Christ
has done ;
Claim the free gift and make the joy thine own ;
No more by pangs of guilt and fear distress,
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary heart,
From all thy silent griefs and secret pain,
Thy profitless regrets and longings vain ;
Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,
All shall be blessedness and light at last ;
Cast off the cares that have so long oppress ;
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, weary head ;
Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb ;
Light from above has broken through its gloom.
Here in the place where once thy Saviour lay,
Where He shall wake thee on a future day,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Rest, sweetly rest.

Rest, spirit free,
In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more ;
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beside the streams of life eternal led,
For ever with thy God and Saviour blest,
Rest, sweetly rest.





The Cross the Saint's Rest.

THE crucifixion of Christ not only gives us rest, but ever after maintains it, notwithstanding the disturbing influences of the world, and sin, and Satan. The reason that believers do not equally enjoy the rest-giving power of the cross in their daily experience, is that they do not equally abide under its shadow. Occasional visits to Calvary can only yield passing intervals of peace ; a *dwelling* there is needed in order to permanent repose.

Experience and the word of God alike prove this to be true. The sinner who believes in Christ is pardoned, is justified, is accepted in the Beloved ; he realises this, and rests. But as long as he remains in the body, he carries about with him an evil nature, ("the flesh,") a nature in which dwells "no good thing," a nature ceaselessly struggling to act in his actions, to think in his thoughts, to speak in his words, to unfold and develop

itself in his whole life, like some poison-plant ever budding and bursting into noxious luxuriance. And not only so, not only does there dwell in him an evil nature, but he himself dwells in an evil world which harmonises with it, an outward scene which of itself attracts that inward nature, and excites it to sinful activity.

Yea, more ! There moves amid that scene, there dominates over it, a subtle power, a spirit of all evil, whose one great work is to produce evil—sometimes working from within, sometimes from without, sometimes working in both ways at the same time, (as we see in the temptation of Eve, the type of temptations innumerable,) working wisely, secretly, constantly, successfully, the awful work of inciting and increasing the rebellion of man against his Maker. Living in such a scene, and containing within himself such a nature, how, oh how, can the Christian preserve that peace, which sin, as far as it is indulged, destroys ? For that which originally made rest a *total* stranger to the bosom, must, whenever present, make it a partial stranger still. In whatever measure they are found in a Christian's life, on his conscience or in his heart, sin, guilt, and unbelief are all utterly antagonistic to rest ; the cross alone can banish these, and restore the rest they rudely mar ; by the cross only can the Christian keep his conscience free from the corroding stains of guilt, and his life from the steps of sin and ways of misery.

But by dwelling upon Calvary he may do so, and thus

enjoy, not unbroken, but almost undisturbed repose, in spite of himself and his unsleeping enemy, and the restless, rest-destroying scene in which he moves. The cross preserves this rest to the believer who abides in spirit beneath it in two ways : first, by keeping sin at a distance practically ; and secondly, when it *has* hardened the heart, and defiled the conscience, by melting to repentance, by restoring the sense of pardoning mercy and perfect love, by re-establishing the soul in *grace*. Meditation upon a crucified Saviour, the abiding recollection of His sufferings on account of sin, must tend to keep sin at a distance, the sin which produces conflict and misery, and calls for bitter tears of penitent grief. A heart, too, that is wont to dwell on the love, the meekness, the faith, the devotion, the obedience of Christ, in that scene, will be no easy prey to malice or pride, unbelief, selfishness, or rebellion ! A soul penetrated with amazement and wondering sympathy for the sorrows of the Saviour, and in actual enjoyment of the peace purchased by those sorrows, cannot readily yield to the sin which caused them.

And thus to such a one temptation proves powerless ; the spark falls upon damp powder, and fails to ignite it. The flesh-nature is in subjection : the spirit, the ungrieved spirit is in power ; there is little conflict and no remorse. Satan comes, but he finds the ground pre-occupied ; he is resisted and flees ; and the saint's rest is unbroken, through the grace that beams from the cross of Jesus.

But if it be otherwise, as it too often is, alas ! and the believer is overtaken in a fault, what then ? His rest for the time is gone ! his intercourse with his heavenly Father is interrupted, the spirit that dwells in him is grieved ; there is a storm in his soul, and darkness overshadows his spirit. O what can *restore* his rest ? Nothing but that which speaks love to the *sinful* and the unlovely, love in spite of sin, love stronger than death, nothing but the cross which atones for the sin thus committed. Looking upon that once more, the heart melts, the tears flow ; sin is realised and confessed as exceeding sinful, and the sense of pardon again fills the soul. “The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.”

Delay in the *confession* of sin is a fruitful source of soul-injury and misery to the Christian, a most subtle device of the enemy. Beware of it, beloved reader. “*If we confess* our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”

There is no removal of the sense of guilt, without confession of the sin that caused it ; nor without confession can there be repentance. While, therefore, unconfessed sin rests on the conscience, the Christian not only groans under the burden of guilt, but is living in sin, living in impenitence, and ready to fall before further temptation. Weakened by the want of that joy of the Lord which is the strength of the heart, he is prepared to seek solace in worldly pursuits or sinful

pleasures. The provisions of the cross are for the time neglected, unused by him ; communion with God is impossible, and real rest of heart equally so.

Never wait, therefore, for stated seasons, dear reader, ere you unburden your heart of a load of sin, (however light.) While you keep silence about it, toward God, you will, like the Psalmist, groan beneath the load ; or worse, your heart may get hardened, your conscience less and less sensitive, till it become seared as with a hot iron, till you lose peace and joy in believing altogether, and forget that ever you were purged from your old sins. "I said, I will confess my transgression to the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." Let this be your experience fifty times a day, dear reader, if fifty times a day the Holy Spirit convinces you of sin. He would ever lead you back to Calvary, back to the blood of cleansing, whence pardon and peace flow ; for He is *the Comforter*, and He draws comfort for the sinner from the cross alone.

" Dwelling upon Calvary,
Contrite shall my spirit be,
Rest and holiness shall find,
Fashioned like my Saviour's mind."

On Calvary we dwell in the very atmosphere of love ; we behold ever before us the means and symbols of forgiveness, the grand and sufficient cause of justification ; the gulf which separates us from the world, and divides

us from every evil, the fountain which yields us unfailing streams and living waters, the shield which covers, the sun which shines, the glory and the grace which transform into their own image !

Thus on earth and in heaven, both in time and in eternity, the cross is **THE CHRISTIAN'S REST !**



The Cross the Saint's Rest.



O Calvary, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair,
To dwell upon Thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.

Sweet resting-place of every heart
That feels the plague of sin,
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,
The peace of God within.

There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit pass'd;
Grace there its wondrous victory gain'd,
And love endured its last.

Dear suffering Lamb! Thy bleeding wounds,
With cords of love divine,
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,
And link'd our life with Thine.

Thy sympathies and hopes are ours ;
Dear Lord ! we wait to see
Creation, all—below, above,
Redeem'd and blest by Thee.

Our longing eyes would fain behold
That bright and blessed brow,
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear
Its crown of glory now.

Why linger then ? Come, Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call ;
Come, claim Thine ancient power, and reign,
The Heir and Lord of all.





ESUS, I rest in Thee,
In Thee myself I hide;
Laden with guilt and misery,
Where can I rest beside?
'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast
My weary soul alone I rest.

Thou Holy One of God!
The Father rests in Thee,
And in the savour of that blood
Which speaks to Him for me;
The curse is gone—through Thee I'm blest;
God rests in Thee—in Thee I rest.

The slave of sin and fear,
Thy truth my bondage broke;
My happy spirit loves to wear
Thy light and easy yoke:
The love which fills my grateful breast
Makes duty joy, and labour rest.

Soon the bright, glorious day—
The rest of God—shall come;
Sorrow and sin shall pass away,
And I shall reach my home:
There, of the promised land possess'd,
My soul shall know eternal rest.



OPPRESSED with noon-day's scorching
heat,
To yonder cross I flee ;
Beneath its shelter take my seat,
No shade like this for me !

Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free ;
And there I quench my desert thirst,
No spring like this for me !

A stranger here I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree ;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent,
No home like this for me !

For burdened ones a resting-place,
Beside that cross I see ;
Here I cast off my weariness ;
No rest like this for me !





ENEATH Thy cross I lay me down,
And mourn to see Thy bloody crown;
Love drops in blood from every vein,
Love is the spring of all Thy pain.

Here Jesus I will ever stay,
And spend my longing hours away,
Think on Thy bleeding wounds and pain,
And contemplate Thy woes again.

The rage of Satan and of sin,
Of foes without and fears within,
Shall ne'er my conquering soul remove,
Or from Thy cross or from Thy love.

Secured from harms beneath Thy shade,
Here death and hell shall ne'er invade;
Nor Sinai with its thundering noise,
Shall e'er disturb my happier joys.

O unmolested happy rest!
Where inward fears are all supprest;
Here I shall love, and live secure,
And patiently my cross endure.

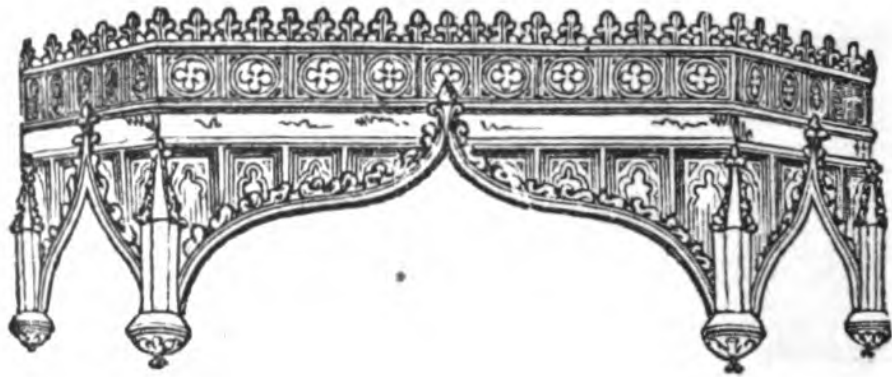


OR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve:
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.





The Cross our Example.

“Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow in his steps.” 1 Peter ii, 21.

WE need divine precepts for the regulation of our lives as Christians, and Scripture abundantly supplies them ; God condescends to legislate, not only for our words and actions, but for our inmost thoughts and desires. New Testament precepts go amazingly further and deeper than the law given by Moses. They aspire to regulate the great mainsprings of life, yet they disdain not to order the merest trifles. Christ gave His disciples the inclusive new commandment, “love one another as I have loved you,” as the rule of their mutual relationship ; but that is not all we have to guide our conduct to our brethren. O no ! it is expanded, applied, brought to bear on our consciences, by specific injunctions suited to each circumstance of daily life ; descending even to our very manners one to another. “Be pitiful, be

courteous." And even this is not all ; the blessed One who desires our sanctification, has left us something still more perfect, still more precious, as a lamp to our feet and a light to our path ; He has left us *an example*.

A traveller prizes his guide-book and a sailor his chart ; but a living guide, a preceding pilot, are better by far ! The one may be misunderstood or misapplied, the other is easily followed ; the scope and force of precepts may be missed, but who can misunderstand example ? The proverb which says "actions speak louder than words" confesses its superior force ; and the providence and word of God recognise it as one of the most effectual modes of teaching, and warning, and encouraging. Scripture is full of it ! From Abel downwards, the holy men of old have left us examples of faith and meekness, of devotion and patience, of holiness and obedience ; while sinners of bygone days stand out before us in God's record, dark beacons to warn us from paths of unbelief, rebellion, violence, and deceit, which He would have us shun. But mingled with folly and failure, full of faults and falls, is the brightest life on record. The father of the faithful failed in his faith ; the meekest of men was wrath and sinned ! We see no light that beams with steady lustre ; we find no guide wholly trustworthy, no chart which we may follow without reserve, yet our Father willed that we should have such ; and therefore in these last days He has given it to us. He sent forth His Son, "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person," and He

puts into our hands the detailed and inspired history of His words and ways, His life and death ; saying to us, Follow Him ! Behold **THE GREAT EXAMPLE**.

What an example, dear reader ! The life of Immanuel, the life of God on earth ! It must be perfect, absolutely perfect, for it is divine, and God declared Himself "well pleased" in every feature of it. It must be adapted to our circumstances, for it was left by One who lived amid the very same. And it must be applicable to our nature, for it is that of One who shared it—the man Christ Jesus !

What an example ! If the life of his fellow, all marred with imperfection, moves man to imitation, what may not the **EXAMPLE OF HIS GOD** do ? And if godliness and grace exhibited in usual circumstances, and in spite of only ordinary difficulties, encourage, strengthen, and energize us in the practice of them ; how wonderfully do the circumstances *in* which, and the difficulties in face of which, Christ Jesus fulfilled all righteousness, add force to His example ! Well may we consider the Holy One, who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, as none other ever experienced ! Consider Him in every step of His path, and above all, at its close ! Bright as an example is every glimpse we catch of the beloved Son of God, from the time when first we find Him about His "Father's business." But the light brightens, shining more and more to the perfect day ; till it culminates in the cross. There it reaches its zenith ; there it glows in meridian

splendour ! There circumstances developed to its fullest extent that blessed, unparalleled, perfect character, which will for ever remain THE GREAT EXAMPLE.

It is impossible in a brief compass to analyse or even to enumerate the points in which Christ crucified "has left us an example that we should follow in his steps." but dwell for a moment, dear reader, on a few of the most striking.

Dwell on *the love of the cross*, and judge how far you "follow in his steps." I do not mean the love that originated it exactly ; not the yearning compassionate affection of God, which "in due time" He commended to His enemies, when "Christ died for us : " but the love of the Son to the Father ; the devoted, self-sacrificing love which inspired with respect to the hour of agony, the wondrous words, "I delight to do thy will, O God." The law says, "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind ;" but the mere command could not reveal to selfish sinners what a life of obedience to it would be. Jesus lived and died to show us ; we have example, as well as precept ; and if our hearts condemn us in the light of the one, what, O what of the other ? Yet it is our standard ; "He left us an example that *we should follow in his steps !*"

The law said again, in principle, "*Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,*" but it remained for the cross to show us One who *did* it ; One who "laid down his life for his friends," yea, for His enemies ; One who for

the joy of saving others would not save Himself, "but endured the cross, despising the shame." His lips oft inculcated love, brotherly love ; but His life, and above all His death, exemplified it !

And most exquisite are the minor traits of perfect love afforded by those closing scenes ! Mark, dear reader, and O, strive to imitate its *unselfish thoughtfulness of others*. "If ye seek me, let these go their way ;" His own danger and need of sympathy lost sight of, that His feeble followers might be shielded from temptation ! "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter" in the hour of His own mockery and trial, and when the words of blasphemy and denial were fresh on Peter's lips, that the glance of tender yet reproachful love might melt him to repentance and restore his soul. What unselfish, perfect, unresenting affection ! And He expects us to follow in His steps !

"Father, forgive them," was His prayer for the unjust and implacable enemies, whose cruel torture scarce left Him power to speak the words ! and "to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise," His full instantaneous promise to the wretched felon who had but just been reviling and blaspheming Him ! *Such* enmity it will never be ours to experience. It was His to endure the scorching furnace, heated seven-fold ; may not His example encourage us to face any "fiery trial" likely to fall to our lot ?

To the last it was the same ; "behold thy son," "behold thy mother," speak to us still of a tender,

watchful consideration for the solace of other suffering hearts, which not even the pangs of death could dim in the great sufferer. And He has left us this example, that *we should follow in His steps.*

But love is only one ray of the glory that beams from the cross of Christ. Think of the righteousness it presents for our imitation ! He “resisted unto blood, striving against *sin*,” in every sense. To “*put away sin*,” the sin which His holy soul hated, was the object of this “sacrifice of himself.” Rather than let sin reign in His once glorious but now ruined world, He, its Creator, would die to redeem it, and grace should reign through righteousness (and *righteousness shall reign*, through grace hereafter) instead !

O reader, do we thus abhor *sin* ? Are we prepared to resist it unto blood ? Sin is very insidious, very deceitful ; we must hate it, in all its forms, under all its disguises, even the loveliest, and *resist* it, at all costs, even the heaviest, for He has left us this *example*. And there is one sin which besets us more easily than any other, unbelief : how continually are we constrained by the sense of it to pray, “Lord, increase *our faith*.” The cross reveals to us this grace of faith in its perfection ; we must turn to the heart-history of the Crucified, given us in the Psalms, to trace this part of our great example. “He trusted in God, that he would deliver him,” was one of the true words spoken in mockery by His taunting enemies. He did, *indeed*, HE TRUSTED ; unpitied, unrelieved, He trusted in God ; unanswered,

unheard, He trusted still ; forsaken, sinking in deep mire, overwhelmed with floods and billows of divine wrath, He trusted only the more in the Lord who was bruising Him and putting Him to grief. "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell ; neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption." "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust." "Thou who hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth, thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side." Such expressions in the midst of the sorrows of Calvary, what do they bespeak, dear reader ? A faith and hope that are marvellous, that seem beyond us ; but which He has left as an example that we should follow in *His steps*.

And "the time would fail me" to tell of the holiness, the guilelessness, the meekness, the forbearance, the patience, the endurance of the cross ! In these points especially we *need* such an example, for our hearts would deem these graces impossible under certain circumstances of provocation ! Yet what circumstances could ever equal those in which Christ displayed them to perfection ? "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth ; who when he was reviled, reviled not again ; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." O reader, ponder these words ! you can never fathom their meaning, but you may gaze on the exquisite divine picture, till it reproduce itself in measure in

your heart, your life ! Till imitating Him who bore your sins in His own body on the tree, constrained by the force of His marvellous example, you “put on as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, (forbearing one another and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you,) and above all these things charity, which is the bond of perfectness.” May we never read of the cross, nor meditate thereon, without hearing Christ’s voice saying to us, “I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done !”



The Cross our Example.



OW shall I follow Him I serve,—
How shall I copy Him I love,—
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?

'Twas thus He suffered, though a son,
Foreknowing, feeling, choosing all,
Until the perfect work was done,—
And drank the bitter cup of gall.

Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs—rememb'ring Thine.

O let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night;

To faint, to grieve, to die for me;—
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
And dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love *Thee* more than these?





O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned :
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs His soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete.
“It is finished !” hear Him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay,
All is solitude and gloom :—
Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen ; He seeks the skies,
Saviour teach us so to rise,



O world ! behold upon the tree
Thy life is hanging now for thee,
Thy Saviour yields His dying breath;
The mighty Prince of Glory now
For thee doth unresisting bow
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

Draw near, O world, and mark Him well;
Behold the drops of blood that tell
How sore His conflict with the foe:
And hark ! how from that noble heart,
Sigh after sigh doth slowly start,
From depths of yet unfathom'd woe.

Alas my Saviour, who could dare
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear,
What evil heart entreat Thee thus ?
For Thou art good, hast wronged none,
As we and ours too oft have done,
Thou hast not sinned, dear Lord, like us.

I, and my sins that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought to pass this agony;
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe
That now 'Thy dying soul o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

'Tis I to whom these pains belong,
'Tis I should suffer for my wrong,
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains;
The scourge, the fetters, whatsoe'er
Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,
For she hath well deserved such pains.

Yet Thou dost even for my sake
On Thee the burdens ever take,
That weigh'd my spirit to the ground:
Yes, Thou art made a curse for me,
That I might yet be blest through Thee;
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

To save me from the monster's power,
From death that all things would devour,
Thyself into his jaws dost leap;
My death Thou takest thus away,
And buriest in Thy grave for aye,
O love most strangely true and deep!

From henceforth there is nought of mine
But I would seek to make it Thine,
Since all myself to Thee I owe:
Whate'er my utmost powers can do,
To Thee to render service true,
Here at Thy feet I lay it low.

Ah! little have I, Lord, to give,
So poor, so base the life I live,
But yet, till soul and body part,
This one thing I will do for Thee—
The woe, the death endured for me,
I'll cherish in my inmost heart.

Thy cross shall be before my sight,
My hope, my joy, by day and night,
Whate'er I do, where'er I rove;
And, gazing I will gather thence
The form of spotless innocence,
The seal of faultless truth and love.

And from Thy sorrows will I learn
How fiercely doth God's anger burn,
How terribly His thunders roll;
How sorely this our loving God
Can smite with His avenging rod,
How deep His floods o'erwhelm the soul.

And I will study to adorn
My heart with meekness under scorn,
With gentle patience in distress,
With faithful love that yearning cleaves
To those o'er whom to death it grieves,
Whose sins its very soul oppress.

When evil tongues with stinging blame
Would cast dishonour on my name,
I'll curb the passions that upstart;
And take injustice patiently,
And pardon as Thou pardon'st me,
With an ungrudging generous heart.

And I will nail me to Thy cross,
And learn to count all things but dross,
Wherein the flesh doth pleasure take;
Whate'er is hateful in Thine eyes,
With all the strength that in me lies,
Will I cast from me and forsake.

Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs,
The tears that from Thy dying eyes
Were shed when Thou wast sore oppress'd,
Shall be with me, when at the last
Myself on Thee I wholly cast,
And enter with Thee into rest.





LORD, when we the path retrace
Which Thou on earth hast trod,
To man Thy wondrous love and grace,
Thy faithfulness to God;

Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave,
The very spear that pierced Thy side
Drew forth the blood to save.

Faithful amidst unfaithfulness,
'Midst darkness only light,
Thou didst Thy Father's name confess,
And in His will delight.

Unmoved by Satan's subtle wiles,
Or suffering, shame, and loss,
Thy path uncheered by earthly smiles
Led only to the cross.

O Lord, with sorrow and with shame
We meekly would confess
How little we who bear Thy name,
Thy mind, Thy ways express.

Give us Thy meek, Thy lowly mind ;
We would obedient be,
And all our rest and pleasure find
In fellowship with Thee.





YESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee ;
All things else for Thee forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own.

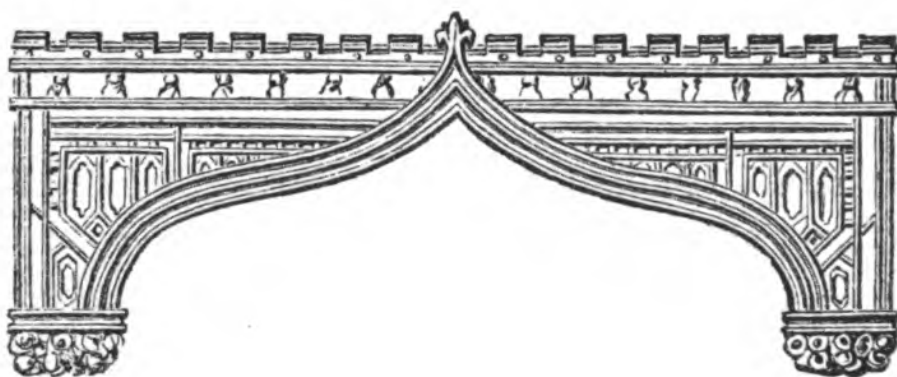
Let the world despise and leave me,
It has left my Saviour too ;—
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not like them untrue.
And whilst Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might !
Foes may hate and friends disown me—
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain ;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favour loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee ;
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me;
Oh 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Soul, then *know thy full salvation*,
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station,
 Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
 Think what Father's love is thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee,—
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to full fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



The Cross restoring all things.

WHAT a world was this when God saw every thing that He had made, and behold it was very good ! Imagination fails to conceive the scene ; we can no more picture to ourselves what it then was, than what it yet shall be ! How unlike the world we know must that have been, which in the eyes of a holy and benevolent God was *very good* ! Pure, fair, and happy, worthy of the God from whom it sprung, was the sphere into which man was introduced as lord ; and pure, fair, and happy as Eden itself were Eden's blessed tenants, appointed to have dominion over the works of God's hands. The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ; and human hearts overflowed with admiring gratitude, singing like the Psalmist, " O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth ! " The Lord God walked in the garden in the cool of the day, and could rest in the perfect work of His hands, and rejoice in His creature man whom He

had formed, "in his own image, after his own likeness." All was bright and blessed, all was very good !

But as some fell blight falls, silent and unobserved, withers in one fatal hour spring's beautiful promise of abundance, and leaves but a drooping waste behind ; so destruction fell on this fair scene ; sin entered the paradise of God, and with its dark followers, death and the curse, spread its empire over earth, and made man its bond-slave. Alas ! what a change ! What hath sin wrought ! O what havoc, devastation, and death ! On what part of His once glorious creation could God now pronounce the verdict, "very good ?" Not on its lord assuredly ! Even our sin-dimmed eyes can not be so deceived, as to suppose mankind are what they should be ; and God looks down from heaven on the children of men to see if there are any that do good and sin not, any that understand and seek after Him, any that retain His image, and fulfil the end of their creation, by glorifying Him in their bodies and spirits, which are His, and lo ! "they are *all* gone aside, they are together become unprofitable, there is none good, no not one." He considers the lovely infant, so perfect in our sight, and He says, "it is born in sin, conceived in iniquity ;" it goeth astray from the womb ; it is a child of disobedience, a child of wrath, begotten by a sinner, in his own image, after his own likeness. Ah ! parent, if thine "innocent babe" be not good in God's sight, can earth produce a being that is ? Not one ! The fairest exterior is but a whited sepulchre ; the loveliest human

form, a habitation for "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience." All flesh have corrupted God's way; instead of being good any longer, we are become, like Jeremiah's figs, "evil, very evil," that could not be eaten, they were so evil. And not spiritually alone; the house shares the inhabitant's ruin; "this vile body," this body of humiliation, this earthly house, with its infirmities and defects, and native tendency to decay, is a fit tabernacle for a sin-blighted soul; but O how unlike that perfect human form into which the Creator originally breathed the breath of life, when man first became a living soul!

Nor is our earth like Eden? The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together, under the bondage of corruption, being subject to vanity; the very ground is fruitful of proofs that nothing is good any longer: the universal thorn and thistle still combine with man's labour-sweat and woman's birth-agony, to tell the sad but truthful tale of an unrepealed curse. The warring elements speak of *ruin*; polar frosts and tropic fires alike proclaim *ruin*; a brute creation in fierce rebellion against man, roars out *ruin*; rank jungles, darksome forests, and vast barren deserts, utter the same mournful note; it harmonizes with every physical pang that thrills through feeble human frames, with every mortal terror that causes human hearts to tremble, with every horrid crime recorded on the dark page of history, or the seared tablet of conscience, and

above all with the never ceasing knell of DEATH !
Ruin, *ruin*, RUIN ; a world and its master in ruins ; and
death, the king of ruin, reigning tyrant over all !

This is Satan's work, NOT God's ; *this* is what sin
hath wrought ;

But the Lord reigneth, His counsel shall stand, His
adversaries shall be broken to pieces : in the greatness
of His excellency He will overthrow him that has risen
up against Him ; turn his counsel into foolishness, and
bring good out of his evil ! God will not be defeated in
His purpose of blessing ; there shall come a time of
"restitution of all things," wherein God shall be praised
in sweeter strains than creation ever prompted ; wherein
men shall be more blessed, and earth more beauteous
than even in their pristine perfection ; wherein all the
works of the devil shall be destroyed, and Satan himself
cast out for ever. "For this purpose was the *Son of
God manifest*, that he might destroy the works of the
devil." Christ Jesus appears on the scene, and lo, ruin is
replaced by redemption ! But not by the fiat of omni-
potence which at creation spake and it was done, nor by the
execution of judgments, annihilating the author of evil
and his victims, does He bring a new world out of the
chaos of the fall. No, but by the cross of Calvary !
He by whom all things were made, and without whom
was not anything made that was made ; He who is the
brightness of God's glory, and the express image of His
person, descended below His own angel hosts, and "was
found in fashion as a man," that "through *death* he

might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." *Sin* caused the universal ruin; *atonement* alone could cure it. Christ "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself;" gave Himself a ransom for many, and thus wrought redemption; rising from the grave where its sin was for ever buried, the head of a *new creation*. But vastly different the process by which this new creation reaches perfection, to that by which the former world attained it. Six days sufficed to create a world out of chaos; but for well nigh six thousand years God has been at work to recreate it from the ruins of the fall, and the task is still incomplete, though surely, if slowly, the glorious consummation approaches. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The cross was the key-stone of the arch, the foundation of the building the nucleus of the mighty work; it is the ground of each step of blessing, whether prior or subsequent.

A grand principle underlies the whole process: Christ commences His work of restoring all things, by recreating that which is most important, and most ruined, and most capable, the *soul*; then the circle widens, and the *body*, too, is renovated; and lastly, the whole *creation* shares the glorious liberty of the sons of God: the soul first, then the body, then the earth. Such is the programme of mercy, in making all things new!

Exalted now a Prince and Saviour, Christ bestows on believers, one by one, repentance and remission of sins.

One by one lost sinners become spiritually new creatures in Christ Jesus, possessed of eternal life, sons and heirs of God. But it doth not yet appear what they shall be! The naked grain, the new-ploughed field, present a poor picture compared to the golden harvest that shall soon glow in the summer sunshine! Yet the germ of the one lies in the other. Christ is only beginning His work as yet. Age after age His saints sleep by thousands. Although delivered from death, they drop, like ripe seed, into the ground; "the soul, undrest from her mortal vest," departs to be with Christ, "which is far better;" but as for the body, though redeemed, it returns to dust, as it was. "The husbandman hath long patience." Christ's blood-bought host is to be a multitude none can number; and the long-suffering of God is salvation. But He is not slackening His hand in His work, He is only delaying, that the result may be the more glorious at last.

Yet a little while and the trump of God arouses the sleepers, and verily they are new creatures *now*, manifestly sons of God! Clad each one in a glorious immortal body, they shine in the image of Christ; no longer fit denizens of a sin-stained earth, they are caught up together in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and to be thenceforth for ever with Him; associated with Him in the remainder of His work of restoration, they "live and reign with him" a thousand years, while Satan is in chains, and the man Christ Jesus sways a sceptre of righteousness over a scene of renovation and

rest. Yet a little while longer, and the former things are passed away, He has made "*all things new!*" Every foe crushed, every trace of Satan's mischief removed, every work of the devil destroyed, and death, the last enemy, subdued, lo! the tabernacle of God is with men, and He dwells among them evermore, in the new heavens and the new earth; there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain, for the former things are passed away.

Dear reader, is all this which lies in the future, *as real* to your soul as that which lies in the past? It must become so, by faith, ere you can properly prize the cross of Christ; indeed you will never do this till faith is turned to sight, and you stand surrounded by this surpassing bliss. But God's promises are as good as if already performed! Hath He spoken, and shall He not do it? Is He a man that He should lie, or a son of man that He should repent? Are not the great gifts of the future insured by the greater gifts of the past? "He who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" "The Lord," said the Psalmist, "will give grace and glory." We stand already recipients of the grace, though only expectants of the glory; and shall we not confidently add with David, "no good thing will he withhold from those who walk uprightly." The cross of Christ, which has already accomplished the greater, shall it not accomplish the less?

Beloved reader, has the blood which was shed on

Calvary restored your *soul* from its ruins? Then never doubt that the Spirit, which in consequence even now "dwelleth in you," shall one day quicken your mortal *body* with a glorious resurrection life, and place you in a renewed earth! And never forget that the broad basis of the universal and endless blessing we anticipate, was laid in that spectacle of weakness and of woe, the cross of Jesus! What a lowly spring, what a wondrous flood! What a modest germ, what a mighty tree! We see the glory of the cross but dimly now, but it will shine on us with ever-increasing lustre through eternal ages. Never shall we cease to sing, while striking heaven's harps of gold, the new song to which *it* has given birth, "THOU ART WORTHY, FOR THOU WAS SLAIN, AND HAST REDEEMED US TO GOD BY THY BLOOD."



The Cross restoring all things.



CHRIST is coming ! Let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease ;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase.
Come, Lord Jesus !
Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace.

Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;
She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back to reign.
Come, Lord Jesus !
Let each heart repeat the strain !

Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod ;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mock'd of men though Son of God ;
All creation
Yet shall own Thy kingly rod.

Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;
But in heavenly vestures shining,
They shall soon Thy glory see.
Come, Lord Jesus !
Haste the glorious jubilee !

With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung ;
Let the mighty Advent-chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue—
Hallelujah !
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come !





GRACE divine ! the Saviour shed
His life-blood on the accursed tree ;
Bow'd on the cross His blessèd head,
And died, to make His brethren free.

Through suff'ring there, beneath His feet
He trod the fierce avenger down :
There power itself and weakness meet,
Emblem of each yon thorny crown.

Fruit of the curse, the tangled thorn
Show'd that He bore its deadly sting ;
That crown, 'mid Israel's cruel scorn,
Mark'd Him as earth's anointed King.

O blessed hour ! when all the earth
Its rightful Heir shall yet receive ;
When every tongue shall own His worth,
And all creation cease to grieve.

Thou, dearest Saviour ! Thou alone,
Canst give Thy weary people rest ;
And, Lord, till Thou art on the Throne,
This groaning earth can ne'er be blest.



LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height, O depth of love!
Once slain for us upon the tree,
We're one with Thee above.

Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confess'd and borne by Thee :
The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,
To set Thy members free.

Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still *one* with us Thou art ;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly *one*,
And we are *one* with Thee.

Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds display,
That Thou with us art one !



RIGHT with all His crowns of glory,
See the royal Victor's brow,
Once for sinners marred and gory,
See the lamb exalted now,
While before Him
All His ransomed brethren bow.

Blessed morning, long expected !
Lo, they fill the peopled air !
Mourners once by man rejected,
They with Him exalted there,
Sing His praises,
And His throne of glory share.

Judah ! lo thy royal lion
Reigns on earth a conquering king ;
Come ye ransomed tribes to Zion,
Love's abundant off'rings bring ;
There behold Him,
And His ceaseless praises sing.

King of kings ! let earth adore Him,
High on His exalted throne ;
Fall, ye nations ! fall before Him,
And His righteous sceptre own :
All the glory
Be to Him and Him alone :



The Cross the theme of everlasting Praise.

“CHRIST Jesus, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God ; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men ; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name ; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth ; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the father.”

“Jesus lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, Father, I have glorified thee on the earth, I have *finished the work* which thou gavest me to do ; and now, O father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.”

“He shall bear their iniquities : *therefore* will I

divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong ; *because* he hath poured out his soul unto death, and he was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."

"We love him because he first loved us." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

"The four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints. And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof : for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation ; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders : and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands ; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them heard I

saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the lamb for ever and ever. And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever."

"After this I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands ; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation unto our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, Amen ; Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they ? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple ; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto

living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia ; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honour to him : for the marriage of the lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white : for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints. Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the lamb." "Alleluia, salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God."



The Cross the theme of everlasting Praise.



GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross !
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death—and death deserved by us ;
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed His people thus.

His is love ! 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end !
Human thought is here confounded ;
'Tis too vast to comprehend.
Praise the Saviour !
Magnify the sinner's Friend.

While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, " Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb !"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His name !



LORY unto Jesus be,
From the curse who set us free!
All our guilt on Him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.

All His blessed work is done ;
God's well pleased in His Son,
For He raised Him from the dead ;
Set Him over all as head.

All should sing His work and worth,
All above and all on earth,
As they sing around His throne,
"Thou art worthy, Thou alone."

Ye who love Him cease to mourn ;
He will surely yet return ;
All His saints with Him shall reign,
"Come, Lord Jesus, come : Amen."





OW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sin,
And washed us in His richest blood ;
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus our atoning priest,
To Jesus our anointed king,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue His glory sing.

Behold on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move ;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
Now He displays His pardoning love.

The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day :
Come, Lord : nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariot long delay.



ORD, when my thoughts with wonder
roll

O'er the sharp sorrows of Thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repaired and honoured by Thy cross :

When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquished by that dear blood of Thine,
And see the man that groaned and died,
Sit glorious by His Father's side :

My passions rise and soar above,
I'm winged with faith, and fired with love ;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains ;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below Thy victories.

Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.



ORD accept our feeble song !
Power and praise to Thee belong ;
We would all Thy grace record,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Rich in glory, Thou didst stoop ;
Thence is all Thy people's hope ;
Thou wast poor, that we might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with Thee.

When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess :
Joy—that Thou could'st pity thus ;
Shame—for such returns from us.

Yet we hope the day to see,
When we shall from sin be free ;
When to Thee in glory brought,
We shall praise Thee as we ought.



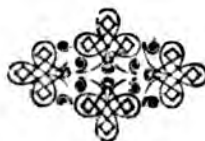


BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Upon the Father's throne !
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around ;
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Unto the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless honours paid !
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on Thy head !

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood—
Hast set the pris'ners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.





THE countless multitude on high,
That tune their songs to Jesus' name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.

Firm on the ground of sov'reign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne;
The only song in that blest place
Is—"Thou art worthy, thou alone!"

With spotless robes of purest white,
And branches of triumphal palm,
They shout, with transports of delight,
Heaven's ceaseless universal psalm:—

"Salvation's glory all be paid
To Him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb whose blood was shed;
Thou, Thou art worthy! Thou alone!

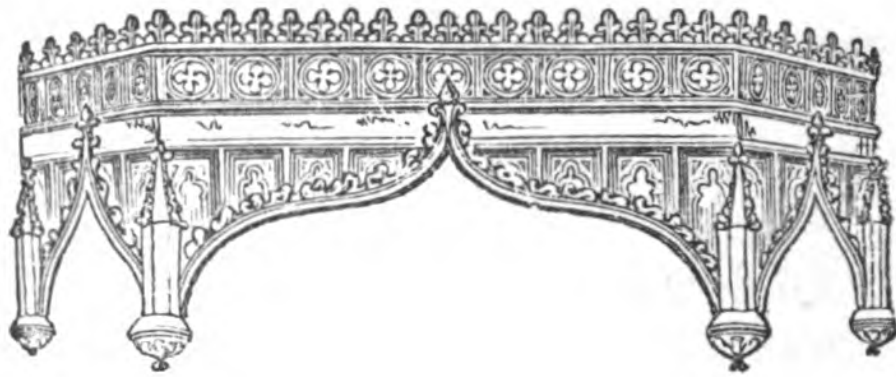
"For Thou wast slain, and in Thy blood
These robes were wash'd so spotless pure;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God—
For ever let Thy praise endure."

While thus the ransom'd myriads shout,
 " Amen," the holy angels cry ;
" Amen, Amen," resounds throughout
 The boundless regions of the sky.

Let us with joy adopt the strain
 We hope to sing for ever there—
" Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain,
 Worthy alone the crown to wear !"

Without one thought that's good to plead,
 Oh ! what could shield us from despair
But this—though we are vile indeed,
 The Lord our righteousness is there.





Invitations to the Cross.

“LOOK unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth ; for I am God, and there is none else.”

“HO, every one that thirsteth, COME YE TO THE WATERS ; and he that hath no money, COME YE, buy and eat ; YEA, COME, buy wine and milk without money and without price.”

“COME UNTO ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls ; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”

“JESUS stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, LET HIM COME UNTO ME and drink.”

“COME, FOR ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY.”

“AND the Spirit and the bride say come. And let him that heareth say come. And let him that is athirst COME ; and whosoever will, LET HIM TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY.”

“HOW shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?”

Invitations to the Cross.



COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of mercy, love, and power:
He is able—
He is willing; doubt no more.

Oh! ye needy, come, and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money—
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood ;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.





COME to the blood-stained tree ;
The Victim bleeding lies,
God sets the sinner free,
Since Christ a ransom dies.
The Spirit will apply
His blood to cleanse thy stain,
O burdened soul draw nigh,
For none can come in vain.
Come, come, come !

Dark tho' thy guilt appear,
And deep its crimson dye,
There's boundless mercy here,
And Jesus bids thee try.
Oh ! do not doubt His word,
There's pardon full and free,
For justice smote the Lord,
And sheathes her sword for thee.
Come, come, come !

Look not within for peace—
Within there's nought to cheer ;
Look up and find release,
From sin, and self, and fear.

If gloom thy soul enshroud,
If tears faith's eye bedim,
If doubts around thee crowd,
Come tell them all to Him.
Come, come, come!

Rest to the weary soul
And aching breast is given,
Balm makes the wounded whole,
Love fills the heart with heaven.
For thee, dear soul, for thee,
These priceless joys were bought,
Accept the mercy free
That Christ to earth has brought.
Come, come, come!

Come with the ransomed train,
The Saviour's praises sing;
Rejoice! the Lamb was slain;
Adore! He reigns a king.
And soon before His face
We'll praise in heaven above,
Triumphant in His grace,
Enraptured with His love.
Come, come, come!

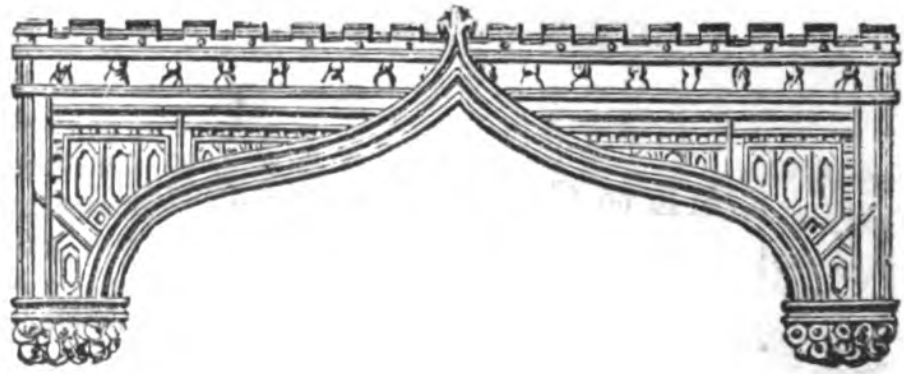


COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

Come in poverty and meanness,
Come defiled, without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white,
Ye shall walk with God in light.

Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful—God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.



The Cross Accepted.

“TRULY this was the Son of God.”

“Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life; and we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the son of the living God.”

“Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.”

“Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.”

“Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.”

“We which have believed do enter into rest.”

“We have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins.”

“He is our peace.”

“We are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.”

“My beloved is mine, and I am his.”

“ I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me ; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me.”

“ Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his son to be the propitiation for our sins. And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us.”

“ The love of Christ constraineth us ; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then are all dead ; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again.”

“ God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me, and I unto the world.”

“ Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.”



The Cross Accepted.



RIVEN to Thee,
O Saviour, by the crimes which made
me flee
Thy presence once, in fear and misery;

I come to seek
Thy face, for Thou art kind, O Lord, and meek,
To souls sore-labouring, heavy-laden, weak.

Thy bleeding side
Invites my guilt to Thee; O let its tide
Of deepest crimson my transgressions hide.

Thy weeping eyes
Speak Thy compassion for the soul that lies,
Low mourning at Thy feet with suppliant sighs.

Surely Thy grace
Never rejected one who sought Thy face,
And asked beside Thy feet a resting-place.

Speak but the word,
But say, "thy prayers, poor penitent, are heard,"
And I will humbly bless Thee, gracious Lord.

My joyful heart,
Freed by forgiveness from sin's bitter smart,
Shall in Thy service take a willing part:

And thus shall prove
How grace can all its deep affections move,
To fervent gratitude and thankful love.





ESUS, the sinner's friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in.

Pity and save my sin-sick soul ;
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole ;
Dark, till in me Thine image shine,
And lost, I am, till Thou art mine.

At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for Thee :
Here, then, to Thee I all resign,
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

What can I say Thy grace to move ?
Lord I am sin,—but Thou art love :
I give up every plea beside,—
Lord, I am lost—but Thou hast died.





ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Leprous, to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

When I yield this fleeting breath,
(Should my eyelids close in death,)
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne:
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!



ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be :
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee ?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee :—

Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me.



